

Michael Harrington on Good Ideas from the Right
Daniel Patrick Moynihan on Welfare Rights

THE NEW REPUBLIC

November 5, 1977

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Leaders and Citizens and War Crimes
Michael Walzer

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TRB

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The Human Right to a Job

When Communist Russia and Capitalist America finally stand before the dread Judgment Seat neither, I imagine, will lack for accusers. Yes, Moscow's record on individual liberties is execrable. But the black ghettos in American cities are unforgivable. How can the richest nation countenance them? How can the affluent American know about them and permit them to continue?

It is all very well for President Carter to proclaim human rights and to show his honest compassion by taking a tour through the rubble of the Bronx. But 50 percent black teenage joblessness continues, and isn't it a "human right" for a youngster to have a job, and an opportunity to find a place in society?

Russians laugh at us. I have been skimming through the new Soviet Constitution and here is Article 40. "Citizens of the USSR shall have the right to work. . . . This right shall be insured by the socialistic economic system, the steady growth of the productive forces of society, free vocational training, improvement of skills, and training in new trades."

There it is right in the Constitution, the right to a job. It would be interesting to have somebody go down to the South Bronx and read this inflammatory declaration from a soap box. Nobody would believe it. I do not believe it myself. There are enough loopholes and exceptions in the fascinating Soviet "Fundamental Law" to permit about any qualification authorities want to impose. But constitutions represent aspirations as much as realities; they don't always have to be immediately applicable. Take the American Constitution of 1787. All the freedoms in that splendid document are guaranteed except, of course, to the slaves, who had no freedom at all. We managed to skate over that little inconsistency for 70 years.

The United States has been edging toward a more specific declaration of economic rights for citizens for a number of years. I will come back to that

in a minute. In the meantime I have been reading about the tough, grim report of the Vocational Foundation, Inc. on what's happening in the ghettos of American cities. *The New York Times* Sunday magazine last week ran an admirable summary. In brief, this 41-year-old privately funded agency found that the city chaos is getting worse, not better; that in the mid-1950s black and white teenagers had about the same levels of unemployment but that after 20 years of black economic progress in many directions, and of political gains, unemployment today among black teenagers is about two and a half times that of white teenagers. Yes, it is spreading out in wider circles of crime; the juvenile court system in Manhattan has become an outrageous make-believe (like some of Russia's promises of individual liberties). In short it's an emergency; a social conflict waiting to happen.

Here's one example. Crime has become so much a way of life for the unemployed black American ghetto teenager that it is almost taken for granted. Few get sentenced; of 100 perpetrators caught in the act by police, only two served any time in state juvenile facilities. Today there are 32 sitting Family Court judges in New York City who face an incredible docket of 100,000 cases a year involving four times that number of court appearances. Forty appearances per judge per day, an impossible burden.

The ghettos are a swamp outside of law and order. Many of the youths whom the VFI is trying to help "expressed a real hunger for discipline and authority." There are two million unemployed teenagers in America today, black and white. The black crime rate in the ghetto is about 500 percent higher than the national average. The VFI report pleads for jobs.

Ten years ago next March the Kerner Report came out (National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders). It's warning that "our nation is moving toward two societies, one black, one white, separate and unequal," hasn't been borne out. In many ways blacks are better off; they are showing political clout; they elected Jimmy Carter. But in the economic field and above all in the cities things have lagged. One reason is that the job market is changing; hundreds of thousands of unskilled jobs are in effect being exported out of America by multi-national corporations. At the same time illegal Mexican immigrants

(continued on page 38)

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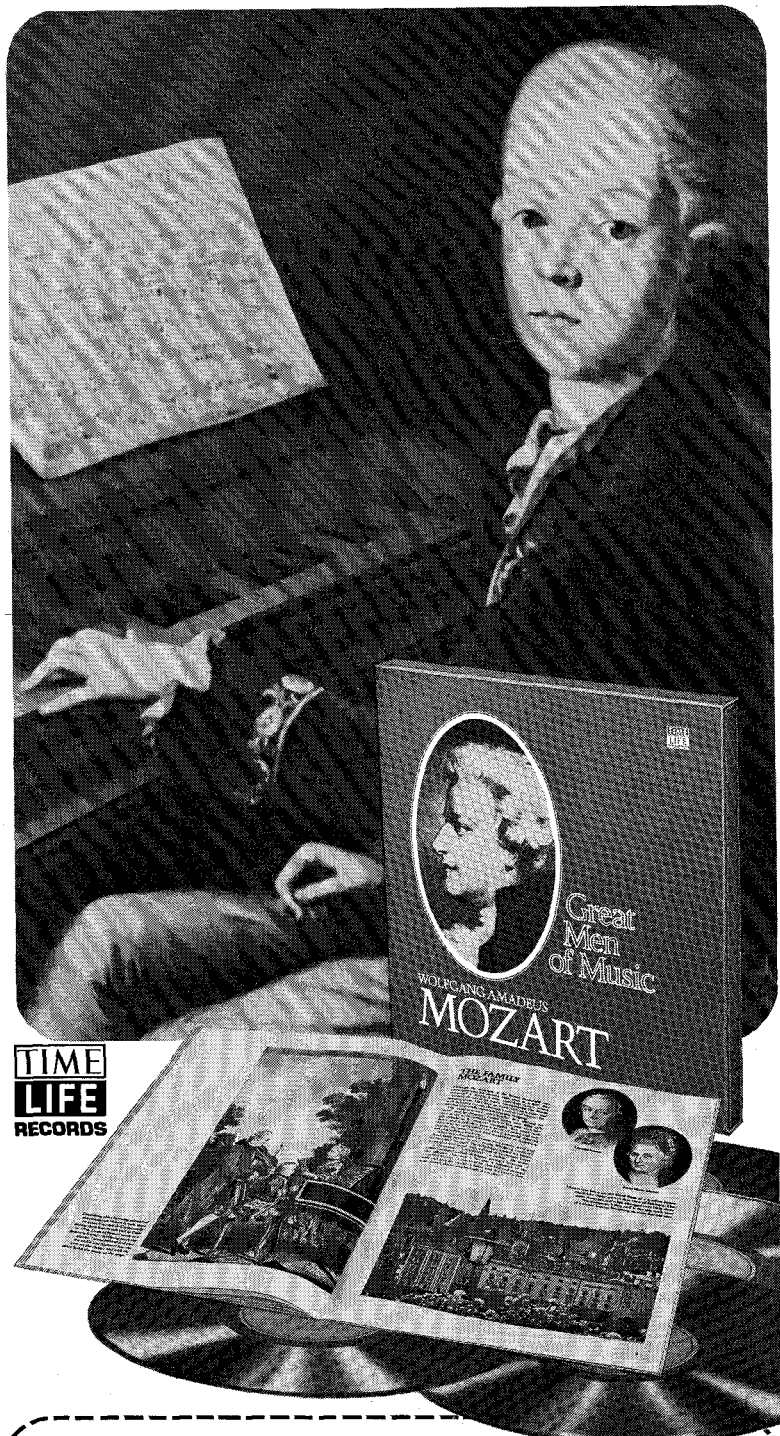
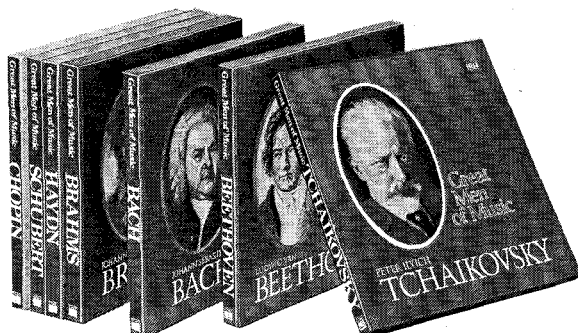
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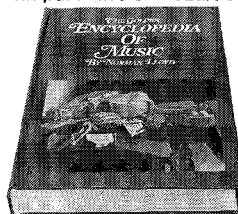
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Correspondence

Perils of even-handedness

To the editors:

Morton Kondracke's "How Much Blood Makes a Bloodbath?" (TNR, Oct. 1) is even-handed to the point of confusion. Did "one refugee . . . [tell Kondracke] he saw a Communist soldier put his machine gun in the doorway of a house . . . and kill everyone inside?" Or did "none of the refugees . . . [Kondracke] talked to . . . [repeat] stories of seeing people shot . . . to death by Communist soldiers along the journey into the countryside?"

But even-handedness gets out of hand altogether when Kondracke (after pointing out that both the promoters and the detractors of the "bloodbath" prediction were in error) concludes that "the doves themselves had better explain" why there has been (apparently, presumably, reportedly?) a lot of killing (or dying) in Cambodia and not in Vietnam. Malarkey, Morton. When you can give us a reasonably clear and reasonably reliable report of what happened, anybody interested in examining and analyzing the material will be free to come forward and do so. That will relieve the "doves" of the job Kondracke would assign to them, at the same time that it permits the "hawks" to continue not to explain the absence of a "blood-bath" in Vietnam.

But Kondracke saves the best for the last. Without waiting to find out "who lost China," Kondracke tells us we can ask "who lost Indochina." His answer: "... we all did—those who got us into the war, those who misconceived what we ought to do while we were in it, and those who caused us to pull out badly." If "caused" means anything (other than the customary trip through the fields of social responsibility back to the Garden of Eden and Original Sin) the groups Kondracke describes for us are not three, but one. Our Presidents, from Eisenhower through Carter, and the designers and managers of our military and foreign policies, as fungible as the individual lumps making up a well-tended compost pile, are the folk who got us into the war; they are the ones

who thought they knew what we ought to do while we were in it; and they were the ones who figured out the way to pull us out of it and the way we have behaved about Indochina ever since.

If Morton Kondracke feels guilty or responsible because Cambodia has gone into the hands of monsters or because (somebody) "lost" Indochina he should be a little more thoughtful about what to do about it than he seems to have been in putting this article together. The current status of those Indochinese refugees who did enter this country as we pulled out of the war isn't much of a recommendation for helping more of them to come here. Sponsorship for "people who risked their lives to get over to our side" sounds like a guilt-easing role until you reflect that Lon Nol might just be one of those people.

Maybe Kondracke's real problem is that he is unaware of the prevalence of monsters everywhere.

Alvin Levin
Lincoln, Massachusetts

Begging to differ

To the editors:

Contrary to TRB ("Speak to us, Jimmy," TNR, Oct. 15), this country's huge unease at mismanagement in Washington does not reflect the public's ignorance, nor can it be cured by a few timely 'explanations' from Carter. The public senses realities far better than TRB: Carter is an incompetent. He knows one thing: the manufacture of promises. Apart from a talent for evading honest speech and hard thought, he has nothing. The \$50 reflation gimmick, the Lance blunder, the travesty of Andrew Young, the use of Panama as a publicity trick, the gestures toward feminism one day and toward Israel the next, all bespeak a man without a program, who aims to win re-election not by solving problems but by keeping pressure groups happy. TRB is naive if he believes that, through forgetting to keep us enlightened by providing explanations, a National Leader has failed to provide the leadership he is qualified to give. There is no leader. The hypothesis of Carter's

fitness is pure wishful thinking, and always was. When a man makes as many contradictory promises, protests honesty so often, and—after election—ricochets so fecklessly from one popularity trick to the other, as this one has done, why pretend that the mess in national affairs is not due to him?

Paul B. Johnson
Lyndonville, Vermont

Correction on clerks

To the editors:

Those of my fellow clerks who were "cautious to the point of paranoia about imparting any insights" to Seth Kaplan ("Clerking for the Supremes," TNR, Oct. 15) might not have been unwise. At least they won't need to write corrective letters.

First, two relatively insignificant corrections. (1) I have been fortunate enough never to have had to live in New Haven; my correct (impeccable) credentials are Columbia College and Columbia Law School. (2) Justice Brennan, whose selection of clerks depends heavily on recommendations from judges and professors he knows and respects, has no more Ivy clerks than average. My colleagues were from Yale, Virginia and Stanford, and I believe the Justice's current clerks attended Boston, Catholic, Harvard and Stanford.

More substantively, I never "suggested" that the selection process is conducive to "mediocrity." I am sure, as I told Mr. Kaplan, that on occasion creative and original minds are passed over; academic success in some instances signals a talent for conformity. I would think this is the exception, not the rule, and in any case, hardly results in mediocrity.

Gerard E. Lynch
Columbia Law School

Malcolm Muggeridge

To the editors:

I was delighted to see Malcolm Muggeridge's typically lucid writing this week in an American magazine again (TNR, Oct. 8). His departure from *Esquire* some time ago signaled to me a serious decline in the quality of that magazine's content. Perhaps *The New*

Republic could provide him space for a regular—or just an occasional—review. He is unique.

Jerome F. Donovan
Washington, DC

South Africa

To the editors:

In his review of *Southern Africa in Crisis* (TNR, Sept. 24) Chester A. Crocker of the Georgetown University Foreign Service Program and Center for Strategic and International Studies, displays his own "world view" as related to southern Africa. He consistently focuses on the importance and protection of white power and interests. Regarding Namibia, Mr. Crocker is concerned that "at a stroke, South Africa is denied the *rights and responsibilities* (our italics) to reshape the decolonization process in a territory under its de facto control since the Treaty of Versailles." He ignores Elizabeth Landis' carefully documented account of the actions of the United Nations in regard to Namibia, actions endorsed by successive American governments and made necessary by South Africa's intransigence in response to international and local pressures for self-rule.

The idea of partition for South Africa to which he alludes is rejected by urban Africans and some homeland leaders like Chief Gatsha Buthelezi, since it would inevitably leave the major wealth-producing areas of South Africa under white control.

Mr. Crocker appears to have little faith in the ability of Africans to govern themselves. He questions the viability and effectiveness of black rule for Rhodesia-Zimbabwe. He also suggests that E. Philip Morgan is not sufficiently critical and analytical because he endorses the nonracial objectives of the Botswana government. In Swaziland, he finds the implications of black rule "sobering."

Crocker's ideological position is diametrically opposed to that of the editors and authors of *Southern Africa in Crisis*. We make no apology for our contributors and our support of non-racial government and majority rule. We recognize the problems implicit in "continuing white intransigence" and how difficult it is to persuade whites to yield their privileged position and ruling power. It becomes still more difficult, however, when that position and power

are given overriding importance by well-known commentators such as Chester Crocker and not merely regarded as obstacles in the way of current attempts by Western powers to promote change through negotiation.

Our concern with Mr. Crocker's review is not with any specific criticisms of our book that he makes, but with his apparently implicit belief not only in the ability of white minorities to resist internal and external pressures for change, but also in their right to mold successor regimes.

It reflects an anachronistic approach reminiscent of the Kissinger 1969 National Security Study Memorandum 39 which disastrously led the United States to "tilt" towards white southern African regimes. NSSM 39 miscalculated the impact of Angolan and Mozambican liberation forces on Portugal and alienated African opinion throughout the continent. Mr. Crocker's review continues to articulate a position which damaged America's interests in the past and might well do so in the future. That South Africa is a potential nuclear power and a major world resource of strategic minerals should not dilute our concern for human rights and majority rule. The brutal

death of Steven Biko, which occurred after Mr. Crocker's review was written, only reinforces our determination to expose the fallacies of his approach.

Gwendolen M. Carter
Patrick O'Meara
Indiana University

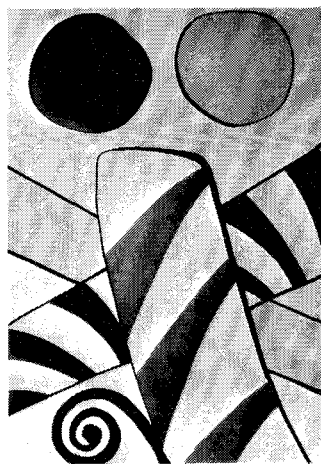
In reply:

Gwendolen Carter and Patrick O'Meara appear to be distressed that their volume was reviewed by someone with premises different from theirs. The thrust of their letter is that anyone who questions the Africanist worldview is an obstacle to the search for justice and peace.

Thus, for example, one must not talk about partition for South Africa because this concept has been rejected by various African spokesmen. I do not advocate partition as a solution to that country's problems. But I had supposed that a purportedly scholarly work has an obligation to explore a range of possibilities for conflict resolution, not to suppress the unfashionable alternatives in favor of the one outcome that is overwhelmingly rejected by one party

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A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 177, No. 19, Issue 3278, November 5, 1977. Note: Vol. 177, No. 16 (October 15) was misnumbered. Published weekly (except the issues of January 8, July 16, August 13, August 27, December 31) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, 75¢; Yearly subscriptions, \$21; foreign, \$24; students \$14.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department, The New Republic, 381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. Copyright 1977 by The New Republic, Inc. Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.

Cover: Nineteenth century engraving after the painting "Napoleon Crossing the Alps" by Jacques-Louis David. Courtesy of The Bettmann Archive.

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November 5, 1977



Korea Stonewalls

Thanks to the South Koreans, we now know how people in other countries feel when American agents buy off their government officials. We feel robbed, violated, frustrated and furious. We would like to find an instrument to force Korean President Park Chung Hee—that supposed friend and ally—to deliver up bribe-passer Tongsun Park, so we can get to the bottom of the influence-buying scandal on Capitol Hill, find out which members of Congress took how much money and expose and punish the guilty. A *cleansing* is what we want, and we mean to take it out on somebody if we don't get it.

We share, in other words, the angry reaction of many Americans, and many members of Congress, to the opening testimony at the House ethics committee's long-delayed public hearings into the Korean affair, and to the simultaneous refusal of Korea's government to cooperate with Justice Department investigators seeking Tongsun Park's testimony in related criminal cases. The ethics committee hearings, now orchestrated by Watergate-buster Leon Jaworski, featured testimony from former Korean officials indicating anew that President Park personally master-minded efforts by Tongsun Park and others to buy friends and bribe potential critics in Congress. Meanwhile, Justice Department officials spent 31 hours in Seoul—whither Tongsun Park fled when the scandal broke—trying to work out means of questioning Tongsun Park. But they met only a stonewall from the Korean government. Personal letters from President Carter have not produced Korean cooperation, nor have warnings from influential Congressmen and

Senators. President Park is thumbing his nose at the United States, and adding to the insult by lecturing us about Tongsun Park's "human rights."

There is a strong temptation on Capitol Hill, born of frustration and rage, to resort to any means available to pressure or punish the Park regime. One tempting target is legislation just introduced by the Carter administration authorizing transfer of \$800 million in US military equipment to South Korea. Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd has warned that "it may be unavoidable that there would be a linkage" between the bribery scandal and congressional handling of this and other military aid. House members, more afflicted than Senators by the fallout of rumors, leaks and suspicions arising from the scandal, are even blunter than Byrd. A congressman generally sympathetic to President Park's national security problems said: "I don't think we're paying out one more God damned dime to the Koreans until they are more forthcoming."

Understandable though such reactions to Park's provocations might be, they would probably accomplish a result exactly the opposite of what is intended. This is because the equipment transfer, plus \$275 million a year in military sales credits promised to the Koreans, are inextricably tied to President Carter's plan to withdraw US ground forces from Korea over a five-year period. If Congress bars or slashes military aid, Carter almost certainly could not carry out the withdrawal, and that would suit President Park just fine. He wants American ground forces to stay on indefinitely in his country, and he may be behaving obnoxiously in the Tongsun Park affair precisely to

achieve this result.

Carter, we have to say, has not proved himself a very shrewd maneuverer on the Korean question. His withdrawal plan itself is risky, in view of the bellicose unpredictability of North Korea's dictator, Kim Il Sung. And Carter's precipitous method of deciding upon and announcing the plan this spring—seemingly to fulfill a campaign promise—threw away some important bargaining chips. We got nothing from North Korea by using US withdrawals as a carrot, and now we do not have a stick to use against South Korea to encourage cooperation in the bribery case. All we have is a bludgeon that Carter dares not employ—the threat to proceed with US troop withdrawals even if Congress denies compensatory military aid to South Korea. Without that aid, the South would be weaker than the North in significant areas. To Japan and the rest of Asia, to our own military and to much of Congress, it would seem utterly irresponsible to risk US and Northeast Asian security over the Tongsun Park affair, and it would be.

There seems to be nothing responsible for Congress and the administration to do except to separate US military policy from the bribery scandal and do the best they can to unravel the scandal by "conventional" means. Certainly, the cooperation of South Korea should continue to be sought, and pressure may have its place. Congress can threaten to withhold US economic aid, bilateral and multilateral. The administration can badger and appeal through diplomatic channels. But we suspect that President Park is so deeply implicated in the bribery case that he would suffer almost any pressure rather than let Tongsun Park give testimony. We doubt that we will ever see Tongsun Park raising his right hand to take an oath before an American forum, legislative or judicial.

Tongsun Park's absence may make it impossible to convict some congressional bribe takers. It will hamper Jaworski's inquiry and the Senate probe just beginning under Senator Adlai Stevenson of Illinois. But these congressional investigations can proceed, and must. Ex-officials of the Korean government and other sources have furnished lists of 40 to 50 legislators who may have received money from South Korea. They can be interrogated by the committees in executive session, and required to produce detailed financial records to be combed for evidence of questionable payments. They can be required to bear the burden of proving that any such income came from legitimate sources. It is time for Congress to get tougher on its own members than it has been up to now in the Korean scandal. If members of Congress and other Americans are furious at Park Chung Hee for committing bribery in what he thought was his country's interest, they ought to be doubly determined to deal sternly with those who took the bribes. With them, there was no question of national interest. They were merely corrupt.

On the Hill.

Low Energy

It was the second day of the second week of the energy bill parley, and not much had been accomplished. The Senate and House conferees were gathered under the marble and gold-leaf ceiling of the old Senate caucus room to work out differences in their bills. The House had been more loyal to the President in drafting its version; the Senate, more loyal to industry. The negotiators were not thrilled to find themselves engaged in the moral equivalent of war. In a spirit of self-sacrifice, they had worked all through the preceding day—Veterans day, a holiday—and that may have dampened their spirits too. The court reporter failed to show up for morning duty, and so the "media" were asked to serve in his place.

The conferees began by debating how the government should administer civil penalties for failure to comply with the bill's regulations, not a matter of great urgency. Even this discussion was clouded by the fact that several people were frankly ignorant of what or whom the penalties were meant to punish. The question was set aside for later. The conferees then turned to serious business: the proposed tax on gas guzzling cars.

The House had adopted the President's plan virtually intact, deleting his scheme to give federal subsidies to makers of "efficient" cars. The Senate had rejected the tax in its entirety and substituted a bill drafted by Howard Metzenbaum, (Democrat of Ohio). The Metzenbaum proposal was to outlaw the production of gas guzzlers, defined as cars that get less than 16 miles per gallon in 1980. The standard was to rise to 21 miles per gallon later. Speaking for the Senate, Metzenbaum tried to persuade the conferees to combine his proposal with the House bill. But the House was solidly against him. They bombarded him with statistics, letters and news clippings disparaging his argument. Metzenbaum claimed to have the President's support. The House conferees replied that they had it, too. Someone remarked that "there has been a certain fluidity, if you will, in the administration's position on the gas guzzler tax." He suggested that those who wanted to claim Carter's support should get it in writing. Metzenbaum's cause suffered again when the House side quoted a letter written by Joan Claybrook, Carter's chosen head of the National Highway Safety Administration. Claybrook wrote that the energy-saving potential of Metzenbaum's idea was "minimal." Metzenbaum said he'd never seen the letter, suggesting he was once again the victim of the kind of foul-up congressmen have in mind when they accuse the administration of being inept.

The Metzenbaum plan was finished off by the

American Motors argument. Representative Thomas Ashley, (Democrat of Ohio), chairman of the House energy committee and leader of the House negotiators, was the first to raise it. He said the Senate bill might ban the only kind of car that American Motors can make. By passing it, he said, Congress would signal the banks that American Motors was no longer a good credit risk and possibly drive the company out of the auto business. Bigger companies might survive the shock of an outright ban, but not American. He predicted that as many as 35,000 people would be put out of work by the law. This triggered a wave of panicky questions.

Clarence Brown, Republican of Ohio, demanded to know whether or not the law would hurt the International Harvester Company. Would it tax the "scout," a jeep-like vehicle? He was assured it would not. Pick-up trucks, vans and utility vehicles are exempt under a special loophole. Sen. J. Bennett Johnston, Democrat of Louisiana, was worried about the Checker Cab Company. Someone else wanted to know how the law would affect a Chrysler assembly plant in his district. Brown reminded everyone that a shutdown in the auto industry also affects the rubber, glass, steel and plastics industries, all of which employ his constituents, as well as Ashley's and Metzenbaum's.

Not long after that speech, the House side voted 23-to-one to dump the Senate ban on gas guzzlers. For reasons left unexplained, the conferees did not move on to the next logical alternative, the tax on gas guzzlers. They dropped the subject like a stone, promising to return to it "at the end of the conference." They went back to the vexatious question of how civil penalties should be administered.

While the conference committee was thus engaged, the Senate itself debated a bill incorporating Russell Long's theory that the only way to get more energy in the domestic market is to give the companies more "incentives" to find it. Long is chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. In that capacity he was able to cut the President's energy bill into several bits before it reached the Senate and substitute for Carter's tax on oil a scheme to provide \$30 billion in tax benefits for the energy industry and seven billion dollars for consumers. The package is designed to lure us, not coerce us, into more frugal, less oil-dependent habits. If his bill or a modified version of it passes, it will be sent to the conferees to be stitched together with the other pieces they have already dealt with. Senator Edward Kennedy, who agreed to become the administration's defender in this battle, called Long's bill a "grab bag of wasteful tax subsidies" that would "provide windfall payments to individuals or businesses for doing what they are already doing or should be doing in any event." Many of the tax breaks, he said, "will go directly to the large oil and gas firms, who already own . . . uranium, coal, shale oil and geothermal energy resources." This would increase their monopoly economic power without increasing fuel output, Kennedy said.

All of these arguments have a familiar ring. The quarrel over energy policy has hardly changed since 1973 when the Arabs first imposed the embargo and OPEC raised prices. There is no more agreement in the Senate now than there was then about the nature of the crisis or the correct way to get out of it. Congress cannot decide how to allocate the hardship, if there is to be hardship, nor can it decide how to parcel out tax benefits. The consumers of the North are allied against the producers of the South and Southwest, and neither is in control. Each group has enough clout to prevent the other from having its way. Jimmy Carter thought he had devised a compromise plan, but in the end it became clear that he underestimated the strength of the oil and gas producers. He also underestimated the independence of the Senate, and the will of Russell Long.

Eliot Marshall

White House Watch

Winging It

After the President returned from what seemed to me and to many other journalists accompanying him to be a frenetic and poorly conceived journey to Detroit, Des Moines, the Strategic Air Command headquarters in Nebraska, Denver and Los Angeles, with a last and hastily arranged stop at Minneapolis to pick up cancer-doomed Senator Hubert Humphrey and his wife Muriel and bring them back to Washington aboard the presidential plane that Humphrey had long hoped and tried to make his own, a reporter asked Press Secretary Jody Powell whether Jimmy Carter had given any indication of "what he thought he accomplished" on the trip. At the end of his question the reporter jabbed home the following needle: "A lot of people think that the trip didn't accomplish much, in fact may have accomplished less than zero." Powell could have but didn't challenge the reporter to identify the people who thought that, the press secretary being injured in his tenth month at the White House to the proposition that reporters don't have to substantiate the statements with which they, frequently at stupefying length, elaborate their questions. Powell first responded with one of the counter-jabs that more and more often reflect his and the Carter administration's irritation with criticism in print, on the air, and in the phrasing of questions at White House briefings and press conferences. "I am aware," Powell said with an appropriate smirk, "of the various and sundry interpretations of the

trip. And I appreciate the efforts to determine for us what we set out to do and then to judge our accomplishments based on your own determinations. Those, of course, are always welcome."

With that off his chest, Powell proceeded to tick off in reverse order the official and on the whole accurate version of what the President and his people hoped to accomplish at a meeting in Detroit with poor folks and a few of the thousands of poverty bureaucrats who are paid to serve the poor; at an airport rally and dinner with Iowa Democrats who gave Carter his first big push toward the 1976 Democratic nomination; at three occasions dealing with western water development and the Panama Canal treaties in Denver; and at a Democratic National Committee fund-raising dinner (\$1000 per paid seat) in Los Angeles. Powell understandably skipped the visit to the SAC headquarters at Offutt Air Force Base in Nebraska, that being such a transparent effort to boost the pending strategic arms agreement with the Soviet Union that any effort to explain would have been superfluous. Powell's justification seemed to me to be closer to the mark than some of the critical appraisals of print and broadcast journalists who were frustrated by the mass and variety of daily presidential doings and sayings. Here speaks Powell, a bit condensed: "We went to California to raise money for the Democratic Party. We went to Iowa as a sort of home-coming and thank you. We went there also for the President to deal first hand with the concerns of Iowa farmers and others in the corn belt. We went to Colorado to deal in the same manner with the problems associated with water resources and [with] the position of this administration on the Panama Canal. We went to Detroit to deal with the problems of the unemployed and the economy in the central cities. It was not our view that the President would in three days announce the total and complete solution of these problems. It was his intent to deal with them directly and to point out that these problems are of a complex and long-standing and recurrent nature and to give some idea of the limitations of government in trying to deal with them."

Having given Powell (and Carter through Powell) the presidential say, here is one reporter's evaluation of what was accomplished, in the order set by Powell. The visit to Los Angeles netted about \$650,000 for the party, less than the dinner organizers had hoped to realize and less than they would have cleared if some Jewish contributors had not been put off by Carter's efforts (justified and necessary in my opinion) to concede enough to Israel's Arab enemies to bring them into negotiation with Israel. Carter's professions of total dedication to the Israeli cause in his Los Angeles dinner speech sounded tinny, as they always do in the current circumstances. His and California Governor Jerry Brown's minimal courtesy to each other at the airport arrival and at the dinner said more about past

and potential rivalries for the presidency than any commentator could say. Carter in Denver put on a forceful and admirable defense of the proposed Panama Canal treaties, though with emphasis upon continuing US rights of presence and intervention in defense of the canal that could have been disastrous in Panama if the public plebiscite there had not occurred the day after Carter spoke, too soon for wide dissemination of his remarks. On water rights, at a panel discussion and at a private session with seven western governors and an acting governor, officials in Carter's party felt that he successfully got across his major point, which was that under him the federal government will not "interpose" its view and authority upon that of state and local western governments. Maybe he did. But one may doubt that his recent attempts to kill off 31, then 19, and currently 10 water development projects and the federal "interposition" that they in fact constitute were so soon and easily forgotten and forgiven. At Des Moines, no more than half of the 6000 Carter supporters who were expected at the airport turned out to greet him. Even when he walked among them, shaking hands and recalling names, they and the atmosphere they created around him seemed to be subdued. *The Des Moines Register's* account of his visit the next morning was largely a recital of the concerns he had failed to face and the questions he had failed to answer about falling farm prices and dissatisfactions with his farm program. The President's performance at the Detroit poverty forum seemed to me to be his best on the trip, excepting his defense of the Panama Canal treaties. But some of his people acknowledged that in Detroit he learned nothing he hadn't known, said nothing he hadn't previously said, and gave the poor and paid servants of the poor less assurance of federal comfort and help than they had hoped to hear from him.

Some of the Carter assistants were irritated by the media's concentration upon what the first poverty panelist who spoke, a fired steelworker from Gary, Indiana, said. There indeed was much more that conveyed the anguish and difficulties of the genuinely poor and disadvantaged. But it was good for the poor, Carter and the country that a black American had this manufactured chance to sit beside the President of the United States and say: "My name is Lawrence Hall. I am 56 years old and I am an unemployed steel worker. I am in a desperate situation now. I need a job. I have four children. I have one daughter at home, she is just 10. There are so many problems in the world. (But) I don't feel much like talking about energy and foreign policy. I am concerned about other things when I have a daughter to raise and I don't have a job, and I am 56 years old." Hall indicated that what with contract layoff pay, federal support and one thing and another, he'll be getting 85 percent of his base pay for three years, job or no job. "To those of you who don't know," he said, that "sounds pretty nice." He also said losing 15 percent of

the pay you've been getting ceases to be nice after a while. Carter's replies to this and several similar statements at the forum were generally sympathetic and understanding. But he made my flesh crawl when he said in part of his reply to Hall, "I also have a ten-year-old daughter . . . so I feel a kinship with you" and in his answer to a former migrant worker who had told of picking tomatoes 20 years ago for 14 cents a basket, "I picked tomatoes by the hamper myself, and I picked cotton." Jimmy Carter picked tomatoes and cotton on one of the several farms of his Daddy, who in Jimmy's boyhood was becoming one of the richest landowners in Sumter Country, Georgia.

The story, gisted here, of how such occasions as the Detroit poverty forum and the Denver water forum are put together and supervised from the Carter White House could suggest that they are prefabricated and phonied up in the way similar affairs were for Richard Nixon. I'm convinced but as an outsider can't prove that the Carter occasions are not. The Washington headquarters of the Community Services Administration, successor to Lyndon Johnson's pioneer Office of Economic Opportunity, collected names for possible participation in the Detroit panel that was to question Carter and in the audience that heard the questioning and answers from Community Action Agencies and other interested bodies in six midwestern states. CSA's Office of Policy Planning and Evaluation in Washington selected 13 panelists and some 300 audience invitees. Most of the latter were beneficiaries and officials of community action agencies. CSA passed the panelists' names to Frances Voorde, Carter's director of scheduling, who with appointments secretary Timothy Kraft had been planning the trip for months and had submitted the final schedule (excluding the Minneapolis stop for Humphrey) to the President in August. Voorde passed the panel list to Marcie Kaptur, a member of the President's domestic policy staff. She telephoned each of the prospective panelists, urged them to be prepared to address and question the President for at least two minutes, and admonished them not to be awed by him. Two Presidential assistants, Cabinet Secretary Jack Watson and Martha Mitchell, the senior black person on the Carter staff, went ahead of Carter to Detroit and met the panel before its session with the President. CSA's deputy director, William Allison, also attended the preliminary session. The purpose, I'm told and believe, was not to plant or shape questions but to convince the panelists—and this took some doing in several instances—that they were free and expected to ask the questions uppermost on their and their constituents' minds, and to criticize any policies they disliked. The questions and statements—more statements than questions—thrown at Carter from the panel and the audience suggested that this account of the preparatory session was correct. Watson and one of his assistants, Lawrence Gilson, preceded the President to Denver and similarly huddled with the panel on

water rights. One of its members, Colorado farmer Wilber Alvey, asked Watson whether it would be all right to raise the matter of falling farm prices at a forum supposed to be about water rights. Watson answered, sure, and Alvey asked about prices. Watson and Gilson did ask the panelists to emphasize water problems, thus enabling the President to make his point about no Federal "interposition."

Detroit's black Representative John Conyers complained after the Detroit meeting that Carter had not so much as mentioned the Humphrey-Hawkins full employment bill which its sponsors, including the Congressional Black Caucus, and Carter representatives are trying to modify into a measure the President can endorse. The panelists didn't mention it, either, so a fair question is whether Jack Watson and Martha Mitchell asked them to skip that touchy subject. I'm told that Watson and Mitchell didn't mention Humphrey-Hawkins to the panel and were surprised when the panelists didn't ask Carter about it.

John Osborne

**Urban educators have frittered away
ten years searching for panaceas.**

A Wasted Decade

A decade ago the crisis in urban education was one of the great issues of the day. Critics and reformers dissected the failings of city schools in portentous and apocalyptic language. According to the critics, urban children were suffering "death at an early age" because of schools that were cold, bureaucratic structures staffed by incompetents and racists who systematically dehumanized the children entrusted to them.

The sense of crisis about urban schools was fueled by egalitarian impulses of the sort that had been tapped by the civil rights movement. The schools were seen, logically enough, as valuable weapons in the effort to eliminate social and economic inequality between the races. Evidence accumulated in the late 1960s and early 1970s that they were not succeeding. Increasingly sophisticated national surveys showed that there was a significant gap in achievement between the races. The Coleman Report of 1966 estimated that there was a three-year difference between white and black high school seniors. School reform, then, proceeded initially from the desire to equalize the educational outcomes of middle-class children (largely white) and poor children (who, in the cities, were largely nonwhite).

A dazzling array of reforms has been tried out during

the past dozen years. Each was well-intentioned and generally warm-spirited; collectively, they were an intellectual muddle. The fads and enthusiasms came thick and fast, reflecting a ferment that was more often emotional than intellectual, and revealing assumptions that were consciously contradictory. School reform meant different things to different people. For example:

Compensatory education was supposed to "compensate" the "culturally deprived" for their deficient home backgrounds. Some children come to school already knowing how to read and others come to school understanding nothing of the alphabet. Who these children are can be predicted from their parents' levels of education and income. Unfortunately, there were rarely enough resources to make a significant difference for these children. Sometimes teachers were paid more money to teach poor kids, or class sizes were reduced by three or four children (but not enough to be of consequence). Often the money was dispersed so thinly among so many children that any educational effect would have been surprising. Seldom were the follow-up evaluations honest enough or tough enough to create a cumulative body of useful experience about what works and what doesn't.

Integration was for some a moral imperative, for others an educational remedy. Today, however, even the strongest advocates of racially balanced schools have stopped claiming that integration can close the achievement gap between the races. And while the sense of moral imperative still carries weight, the diminishing white pupil population in the cities has made well-integrated schools less and less possible.

Decentralization was put forth as a corrective to the bureaucratic inefficiency of the centralized big-city school systems. Structural change was supposed to bring academic improvement, but New York City's experience has demonstrated that there is no certain cause-and-effect relationship. Moreover, the decentralization of the schools in New York created a system of district bureaucracies without impairing the central organization.

Community control appealed to those who saw parent control (and specifically black parent control) as the appropriate response to educational failure. Fitful experimentation showed that it politicized the schools, pitting professionals against parents and producing power struggles among parent factions, without necessarily leading to educational gains.

Open education was taken up by those who wanted to liberate children from traditional teachers and classrooms. In some places, open classrooms have been popular and successful; in others, the concept has been installed hastily and with little forethought. But whatever its virtues, there is no evidence that it closes the academic gap between the races.

Free schools burgeoned for a time as a counterculture alternative to the public schools. Even before they

began to wane along with the rest of the counterculture, they were patronized largely by the white middle class.

Bilingualism was advocated as an educational necessity by spokesmen for non-English-speaking groups and has been supported by both the Supreme Court and the Congress. Bilingual programs in the public schools were common in the 19th century, especially where there were German-speaking and Spanish-speaking enclaves. Bilingualism may be valuable for maintaining ethnic cultures, but there is no firm evidence that it either helps or hinders the educational progress of the non-English-speaking child.

Vouchers were a favored solution for those who wanted to make the public schools more diverse, and for those who wanted to get public subsidies for nonpublic schools. Limited experimentation suggests that middle-class parents are far more likely than poor parents to take advantage of and benefit from a voucher plan.

Particular enthusiasms came of age at different times and in different places. But there was little intellectual coherence to the drive for school reform. Some reformers wanted to make the schools joyful, others wanted them to be a socioeconomic equalizer, still others wanted them to heighten ethnic identity. Reformers vacillated between opposite extremes. The universalism of the integration movement was countered by the particularism of the community control movement (made even more confusing by the participation of many of the same people in both movements, alternately demanding first an end to neighborhood schools, then a shift of power to neighborhood schools). The assimilationism of the integrationists was ideologically at odds with the pluralism of the bilingualists (again despite an overlapping membership). Those who wanted to free children from outward symbols of authority were only vaguely aware of implicit conflicts with reformers who wanted hard evidence of educational effectiveness, preferably by test scores.

All this intellectual sloppiness has left urban education in the doldrums. Since goals were poorly defined, successes are equally hard to ascertain. The problems of urban schools are no closer to solution today than they were ten years ago. Achievement levels continue to be low, with very large proportions of students falling below state-defined standards of minimum competence. In part, the figures reflect the departure of high-achieving middle-class pupils (black and white) from the city schools. But it is also the fault of those educators who, faced with demands for flexibility, reduced their curricular offerings to flaccidity. Alternative programs created more inducements for poor students to stay in school, but not necessarily more effective ways to teach them. Consequently, in some places the lowering of the dropout rate meant that

more youths stayed in school longer than ever without having mastered the basic skills. School officials know this. They say they are forced to choose between high standards and early dropouts on the one hand, and low standards and fewer dropouts on the other. The unanswered question, however, is whether this is indeed the only choice and whether it is indeed defensible to carry students who have not learned basic skills right through to a high school diploma.

Worst of all, none of the reform efforts halted the dramatic exodus of white students from urban schools. Every major city in the nation has lost a large part of its white enrollment since 1968, when the first federal ethnic census was taken. Only five of the nation's 20 biggest school systems still have white majorities, and only nine of the 30 biggest. All except Miami have lost student population. The loss is a combination of the declining birth rate and white departures. The result is that the big urban systems are largely nonwhite, and substantial proportions of their students are from poor families. In New York City, for example, 52 percent of the students are poor enough to be eligible for free lunches, and about a third are from welfare families.

From 1968 to 1976, New York City lost nearly 30 percent of its white pupils and is now 70 percent nonwhite; Los Angeles lost 37 percent and is now 63 percent nonwhite; Chicago lost 40 percent and is now 75 percent nonwhite; Houston lost 45 percent and is now 66 percent nonwhite; Detroit lost 61 percent and is now 81 percent nonwhite; Philadelphia lost 25 percent and is now 68 percent nonwhite; Miami lost 27 percent and is now 59 percent nonwhite; Baltimore lost 41 percent and is now 75 percent nonwhite; Dallas lost 45 percent and is now 62 percent nonwhite; Cleveland lost 30 percent and is now 62 percent nonwhite; and Washington, DC, lost 45 percent of its few white pupils and is now 96 percent nonwhite. These figures suggest that desegregation is going to be even harder to achieve in the future than it has been in the past. This abrupt demographic change is of particular concern because the schools have had the least success in educating precisely those children who now constitute the majority of their enrollment. Despite the experimentation and research of the past decade, American educators seem no closer to understanding how to train good teachers, how to select good principals, how to motivate the unmotivated, how to achieve educational equality. As a sort of defense mechanism, they seem to have developed a conveyor-belt mentality: keep the kids in school as long as possible and keep them moving, up and out. American schools have exhausted all the easy answers. Some worked better than others, but none was a magic potion for urban ills.

The National Assessment of Educational Progress found recently that 13 percent of all 17-year-olds are functionally illiterate, as are 21 percent of the 17-year-olds from "disadvantaged urban areas" and nearly 42 percent of 17 year-old blacks. This is a specific problem

that can and should be laid at the doorstep of the school. The time has come for educators and policymakers to abandon the search for quick fixes and to accept responsibility for universal literacy. Youngsters who are functionally illiterate should not be permitted to enter high school. The policy of automatic promotion, which is widespread, should be replaced by a commitment, backed by the necessary resources, to make every child literate. Such a policy would relieve the high schools (not to mention the colleges) of remedial teaching, as well as the discipline problems caused by angry, apathetic children who are hopelessly behind their peers. Some school districts, such as one in Hempstead, Long Island, have already moved in this direction. The students' response, surprisingly, has been positive, implicitly recognizing that the school cares enough about them to make demands on them. The objection will be raised that "literacy" is too ill-defined a term to have any normative value. But in fact literacy has a very clear meaning to the person who can't read well enough to get a driver's license or to fill out a job application or to understand basic consumer information.

Diane Ravitch

Diane Ravitch, a historian at Teachers College, Columbia University, is writing a history of American education since 1945.

A little piece of La Belle Epoque.

Lace and Velvet

Monte Carlo

"The whole world should be like us," declares a citizen of Monaco, a luxuriously bearded civil servant in his 30s who graduated from a Paris law school. "We have no political or social problems, no poverty or unemployment, and no war for centuries."

"It's a dream, a charmed life," sighs a glove manufacturer, impeccably tailored in an apricot-colored suit of silky gabardine, born here of Russian parents who fled to Monaco after the Bolshevik Revolution. "Whenever I travel, I long to come back here."

"It's a false Paradise, a nonsense country in love with itself," bristles a \$50,000-a-year international business consultant who settled here to escape the taxes and the fog of Albion. "It suffers from its casino image yet only three percent of its income is from gambling revenues. There isn't enough industry here. People don't want to

expand and to risk. They think they can go on being sheltered from the world until eternity."

Spread over a rocky 600 acres and overlooking a story-book bay of the Mediterranean, Monaco is independent, aloof, rich. It's a deluxe suburb of France and Italy, a walled town of leisure, an operetta principality complete with His Serene Highness, the handsome Prince Rainier III; his radiant princess, Grace Kelly of Philadelphia and Hollywood; and their beautiful children. Local attractions include the many roulette and baccarat tables, a wax museum which commemorates "twenty-four of the most important moments in the history of the Grimaldi dynasty," an annual circus festival, an international fireworks display, a yearly antique show "of Continental significance," appearances by leading singers and musicians in the Prince's Courtyard, and, of course, the auto races. These are not only for the tourists. The natives have a Latin love of the performer and the champion, of real drama and make-believe.

Monaco is "a hereditary and constitutional monarchy" of about 4000 Monegasque citizens and 20,000 residents of various nationalities who have come here to work, or to stay for a few weeks or the whole balmy year in a villa or a condominium that costs a minimum of \$250,000. There is no income tax, and the gambler can find at least one slot machine operating at any time. To become a citizen, one either has to be born of Monegasque parents, or must have been a Monaco resident of ten years and be able to prove loyalty to the principality—not an easy matter.

Monaco's reputation as the Grossinger's of European aristocracy began a hundred years ago with the opening of a gambling casino swathed in crimson silk and the building of an opulent capital city, Monte Carlo. Before 1860, the principality was a rugged mountain village of vineyards and olive trees—one of hundreds along the Mediterranean coast, often surround by walls to keep out marauders and frequently at war with one another.

Monaco's fortress dates back to 1215. Its fame was established when two brothers from Genoa dressed as monks asked to be admitted inside its sturdy walls for a night's rest. With deft swordplay, they became masters of the place next morning. They founded the Grimaldi dynasty. Like Andorra to the west and Lichtenstein to the east, it maintained a precarious sovereignty by playing the big powers off against one another: the

dukes of Provence and Savoy, the republics of Firenze and Genoa, the kings of France and Spain.

The serpentine roads now packed with Mercedes Benzes, Maseratis and Peugeots were originally built for mules—the wheeled wagon was not for these steep limestone hills rising as high as 1500 feet above the blue of the Mediterranean.

The landscape is a Canaletto painting. Stone retaining walls are everywhere; the masonry is built to last a millenium. Natural outcroppings of rock are made into 30-foot high arcades, with tufts of palms and mauve bougainvillae grasping at the soil between the stones.

Dreamy turn-of-the-century villas share tall wrought-iron fences with apartment houses erected in the 1930s for a new haute bourgeoisie. Bronze Corinthian columns mark driveways. Bacchus leers from mosaics above entrances. Neapolitan angels float in niches, and the turquoise tiles of Sorrento brighten up terraces and doorways. There are ceramic urns and curving balustrades, moss-covered fountains and stone dolphins. In the grand old Hotel de France, buxom mermaids hold up the roof and the dining rooms have vast antique tapestries with unicorns and knights. The elite classicism of France is dissolved here into the earthy romances of Italy; southern excess is curbed by northern discipline.

For an *impresario*—a refugee from the noise and tension of Paris—this is home. He books performers delighted to come here from the four corners of the world. He sips local wines on restaurant terraces overlooking the sea, and he relishes the spicy shrimp and the tender fish of these waters. He has a friend who owns a vineyard on the top of a hill and presides over a wine cellar that was cut out of rock in the sixteenth century. The vintner teaches tolerance. He invites an abbot to laugh at jokes questioning divine omnipotence; he tells Communist friends to stop saving the world for one evening a week. He knows every secret of these mountains, he has a key to the weaknesses of each mortal. And he makes a white wine that is unforgettable—a true *grand vin du Midi*, as light as an idle thought and as rich as the Mediterranean sunshine.

For the *prestidigitateur*—another fugitive from the north—the many nightclubs here offer an ideal platform. "Technical perfection is a small part of my art," he explains. "The trick is not the trick. The trick is to create a mood for tricks so that people accept illusion as real, and vice versa. Here, it's easy because the make-believe is often reality."

I meet two young girls who have hitchhiked from Paris. They are working class, obviously, and as tough and everyday as sparrows. They have come south to look for a job. In Paris, unemployment is getting worse and worse; the government is hiding the true figures. But Monte Carlo is not to their liking. "It's too rich here," they keep saying, "it's too much." And they take up positions on the road to Marseille, their thin

Coming Next Week

Meritocracy in the
National Football League

•
Ken Bode on bankrolling the right

shoulders defiantly holding up plastic airline bags.

"Girls in this town are too proud, full of ambition," complains a lanky policeman in his early 20s. "They are after fellows who can get dressed in the latest fashion, who come here from all over the world to spend money. I am Monegasque, and my pay is not much. Why should they be interested in me?"

A painter who came here from Belgium when she was 20—and that was more than just a few years ago—complains of high prices and encroaching vulgarity. "The Prince has destroyed a lovely turn-of-the-century theater to widen a highway," she charges. "They are throwing Monaco open to everyone, they want to turn the place into one big parking lot."

She talks about the otherworldly light of early mornings in March and April, the strange reflections cast by the heavy dew of the Côte d'Azur. "It's a fairyland, and all my life I have been trying to capture its luminous colors." She says that if she could, she would turn the principality into a showcase, a demonstration, a jewel box of turn-of-the-century elegance, known in France as *La Belle Epoque*. She would have people dress the part. "Monaco is *the Belle Epoque*," she declares. "Here on this choice spot I would outlaw blue jeans and T-shirts, and everything that came with the world wars, and let lace and velvet reign."

Charles Fenyesi

Charles Fenyesi is a Washington writer.

I scream, you scream, but the government only listens when the dairy lobby screams.

Thirty-One Favors

The dairy lobby is waging a strident campaign in Congress and the media against certain new ice cream standards proposed by the Food and Drug Administration. It accuses the FDA of wanting to adulterate "America's favorite fun food" with "chemicals" and "leftovers." If the milk producers get their way, it will be partly because of their ability to slice Congress like a hot knife through butter, and partly because of a promise made by a Georgia peanut farmer to some Wisconsin dairy farmers before the 1976 election.

The great ice cream imbroglio seems to be about the ingredients of ice cream. But, as the warmth of the rhetoric suggests, there are underlying issues of

greater moment. "The FDA is proposing a technologized frozen dessert product filled with chemicals and dairy waste products—the leftovers of the dairy manufacturing process. This is a matter which is seriously and radically altering one of America's favorite foods," declaimed Representative Frederick Richmond of New York at a recent hearing. Pat Healy, the dairy producers' chief lobbyist on Capitol Hill, takes an even graver view. Healy (who confesses that he personally writes the dairy sections of the farm bill each year) blames the dairy industry's colleagues, the ice cream manufacturers: "This is a terrible, terrible thing that should happen. For a group of people operating on the fringes of the industry to take the chance of destroying an industry which is a valuable national asset in order to make a couple of cents extra per gallon of ice cream—I think it is a despicable act by shortsighted, quick-buck artists who have no thought for the long range impact of their actions."

Healy and his Congressional allies contend that the FDA's proposed new standards for ice cream will debase its nutritional quality and deceive the consumer. Perhaps these arguments appeal to the widespread antipathy to chemicals in foods. But they do not bear up under serious analysis.

Ice cream at present may be made from milk powder (non-fat dried milk), casein, whey, and 11 other milk-derived products, but there are limits on how much whey and casein may be used. The FDA's new standards would lift the limits on whey and casein, requiring only a minimum protein percentage and leave manufacturers free to choose whatever mix of dairy products they please to meet it. The significance of this change is that ice cream makers would use more casein and whey than at present, and less milk powder. Milk powder is very expensive. Casein can be imported very cheaply from abroad, and whey is an inexpensive by-product of cheese making which is produced in chronic surplus. The Department of Agriculture estimates that under the revised rules, the nation's ice cream makers would use 130 million pounds of milk powder instead of 420 million pounds a year as at present, making up the difference with whey and casein. The USDA economists believe that, through competition, the savings would be passed on to consumers, resulting in a two-and-a-half percent reduction in the retail price of ice cream.

The FDA believes nutritional quality would not suffer in any way. Casein is the principal protein of milk. It must be imported from abroad only because the American government destroyed our own casein industry by instituting the dairy price support program in 1949. American farmers find it more profitable to sell their milk powder at the government-guaranteed support price than to convert it to casein. The nutritional quality of casein is so outstanding that it is the standard by which the nutritional value of other proteins is measured. Whey also is a highly nutritious

protein. Both are indeed "chemicals," just like all other natural products (water, for example).

Farmers will not lose directly as a result of the reduced market for milk powder because the government has to buy up all the excess under the milk price support program. USDA economists are therefore of the opinion that the new standards "would have no effect on farm prices." Also, the ice cream makers would need some 250 million pounds more of whey, thus opening up a new market for a dairy product that at present is poured down the drain.

The dairymen's concern is not ice cream at all, and the rhetoric about defrauding the consumer with foreign chemicals has a purpose quite ulterior to the small world of frozen desserts. What concerns the milk producers is the political vulnerability of the dairy price support program. The program is already vulnerable because of Jimmy Carter. Wisconsin was a key state in the 1976 election. The price the government guarantees for milk is fixed each year in terms of what is called parity, a general economic index based on 1910-1914 prices. During President Ford's term, Congress twice tried to raise the dairy price support level from 80 to 85 percent of parity, but Ford both times vetoed the hike. In a letter to Wisconsin dairy farmers barely more than a week before the election, Carter castigated the Ford vetoes and promised that "a Carter-Mondale Administration simply would not allow a situation like this to develop." Carter upset Ford in Wisconsin.

After the election, the National Milk Producers Federation became nervous about the political effect of a rise in the milk price support level, especially in view of the growing surplus of milk even at the lower support level. Other milk interests, however, pushed Carter to keep his promise and raise the price support level to 85 percent of parity. On April 1 Secretary of Agriculture Bob Bergland surprised dairymen and almost everyone else by setting an unexpectedly high support level corresponding to 83 percent of parity. The new support level in effect redeems Carter's pledge and benefits dairymen in the short term. But it threatens to double the cost of the support program from \$300 million last year to \$600 million this year, according to National Milk Producers Federation estimates. That is a high price for the taxpayer to bear

just for the sake of protecting milk producers from free market forces.

So here is why the milk producers oppose the proposed ice cream standards. The milk powder displaced under the new standards would have to be bought by the government, at a cost estimated by the USDA at \$183 million. Coming on top of the support program's doubling in cost, the extra \$183 million could destroy the program's political support in Congress. "We fear that the shock may make the Congress rethink the funding of the price support program," lobbyist Pat Healy said.

Healy says he has the votes in Congress to overrule the FDA if necessary, much as the soft drink producers have succeeded in end-running the FDA on saccharin. There already has been a sense-of-Congress-type amendment disapproving the FDA's action, tacked onto the farm bill this July. The amendment passed by 363 votes to 11, indicating how little the city boys in Congress understand what their country cousins are up to.

The FDA's decision to revise the ice cream standards stemmed from an incident in 1972 when a Massachusetts boy who was allergic, it so happens, to peanuts, died after eating an unlabeled peanut ice cream. The recasting of the standards was governed by a new regulatory philosophy implanted in the FDA by its former general counsel, Peter Hutt. Hutt believes that the government should not prevent food producers from using new technologies as long as the nutritional quality of the product is maintained. Nor should the agency be obliged to protect any food product from competition. Hutt led the agency away from a recipe approach to food regulation.

The FDA's proposed new ice cream standards are based on the principles of the free market and technological flexibility. It is not surprising that they are opposed by the milk producers, who maintain their market share not by technological adaptation, but by protective measures made possible by political clout.

Dairy farmers have been major victims of economic change. The number of dairy farms has sunk from four million to 200,000 in the last 20 years. The industry deserves a measure of protection, but protection as a pain-killer is different from protection as a habit. "I have seen the dairy industry lose the butter market to margarine, the aerated whipped cream market to whipped toppings, and the cream market to coffee whiteners," said Peter Hutt, who for a Washington lawyer has an unusual familiarity with milk matters, gained while growing up on his father's dairy farm in New York state. "A major factor in each of these cases was the industry's attempt to rely on protectionist statutes . . . rather than attempting to take advantage of modern food technology to produce new products that will be more appealing to consumers. If the industry does not learn from its past mistakes, it could also lose the market for milk, ice cream and cheese."

The FDA commissioner is deciding now whether to

No Pride

This week's issue is without Sin.
Henry Fairlie's series will conclude,
with *Pride*, next week.

put the new ice cream standards into effect or to delay and grant the milk producers a public hearing. Before the fuss, he had concluded that their arguments were too thin to merit a hearing. In either case the milk producers will continue their hue and cry against the

adulteration of the nation's favorite fun food with foreign chemicals. Ice cream consumers should not be fooled.

Nicholas Wade

Nicholas Wade is a staff writer of Science magazine.

Defining the moral culpability of leaders and citizens.

War Crimes

by Michael Walzer

If there are recognizable war crimes, there must be recognizable criminals. If there is such a thing as aggression, there must be aggressors. We cannot identify the guilty person or persons for every violation of human rights in wartime. The conditions of war supply a plethora of excuses: fear, coercion, ignorance, even madness. But the theory of justice should point us to the men and women from whom we can rightly demand an accounting, and it should shape and control the judgments we make of the excuses they offer (or that are offered on their behalf). It does not point to people by their proper names, of course, but by their offices and circumstances. We learn the names (sometimes) only as we work our way through cases, attending to the details of moral and military action. Insofar as we name the right names, or at least insofar as our assignments and judgments are in accordance with the actual experience of war, sensitive to all its painfulness, the argument for justice is greatly strengthened. There can be no justice in war if there are not, ultimately, responsible men and women.

The question here is of moral responsibility; we are concerned with the blameworthiness of individuals, not their legal guilt or innocence. Much of the debate about aggression and war crimes, however, has focused on the latter issue, not the former. And as we read through these debates, or listen to them, it often seems that what is being said is this: that if an individual is not legally liable for some particular act or omission but, as it were, merely immoral, not much can usefully be said about his guilt. For legal liability is a matter of definite rules, well-known procedures and authoritative judges, while morality is nothing more than endless talk, where every talker has an equal right to his opinions. Consider, for example, the view of a contemporary law professor, Joseph Bishop, who believes that the "essentials" of "the question of war crimes" can be set forth "with tolerable clarity and brevity," so long as one caveat is accepted: "I shall make no attempt to say what

is immoral—not because I believe morality unimportant, but because my views on it are entitled to no more weight than Jane Fonda's or Richard M. Nixon's, or yours." Of course, morality is unimportant if all opinions are equal, because then no particular opinion has any force. Moral authority is no doubt different from legal authority; it is earned in different ways; but Professor Bishop is wrong to think that it doesn't exist. It has to do with the capacity to evoke commonly accepted principles in persuasive ways and to apply them to particular cases. No one can argue about justice and war without striving for an authoritative voice and laying claim to a certain "weightiness."

Moral argument is especially important in wartime because the laws of war are radically incomplete. Authoritative judges are rarely called to the business of judging. Indeed there are often prudential reasons for not calling them, for even well-wrought judicial decisions are likely at certain moments in the history of international society to be understood only as acts of cruelty and vengeance. Trials like those that took place at Nuremberg after World War II seem to me both defensible and necessary; the law must provide some recourse when our deepest moral values are savagely attacked. But such trials by no means exhaust the field of judgment. We have more to do in these matters, and it is my purpose to do it here: to point at criminals and possible criminals across the whole range of wartime activity, though not to suggest, except tangentially, how we should deal with such people. What is crucial is that they can be pointed at; we know where to look for them, if we are ready to look.

Let us begin with the judgments that are required by the crime of war itself. That is to begin with the world of officials—with politics rather than combat, civilians rather than soldiers, for aggression is first of all the world of political leaders. We must (naively) imagine them sitting around the elegant table of an old-fashioned chancellery or in the electronic fastness of a

modern command room plotting illegitimate attacks, conquests, interventions. No doubt it is not always like that, though recent history provides ample evidence of direct and open criminal planning. "Statesmen" are more devious, aiming at war only indirectly, like Bismarck in 1870, and taking a very complicated view of their own efforts. So it is not easy to mark out aggressors, though I think we should start with the assumption that it is always possible. The men and women who lead their people into war owe them and us an accounting. For every person who is killed, every drop of blood that falls is "... a sore complaint Gainst him whose wrongs gives edge unto the swords." Listening to the excuses and lies, and also to the true accounts, of political leaders, we search for the "wrongs" that lie behind the fighting and are its moral cause.

The lawyers have not always encouraged this search. Until very recently, at least, they have held that "acts of state" cannot be the crimes of individual persons. The legal reasons for this denial lie in the theory of sovereignty, as it was once understood. Sovereign states by definition know no superiors, it was argued, and accept no external judgments. Hence there is no way to prove the criminality of acts imputed to the state—that is, carried out by recognized authorities in the course of their official duties (unless domestic law provides procedures for bringing such proof to bear). This argument is without moral effect, however, for in this regard states were never morally but only legally sovereign. All of us are capable of judging the acts of political leaders, and we commonly do so. Nor does legal sovereignty protect against external judgments. Here Nuremberg is the decisive precedent.

But there is another, more informal version of the "act of state" doctrine, which refers not to the sovereignty of the political community but to the representativeness of its leaders. We are often urged not to condemn the acts of statesmen, or not to be too quick to condemn them, since, after all, these people are not acting selfishly or for private reasons. They are, as Townsend Hoopes wrote of America's leaders during the Vietnam war, "struggling in good conscience. . . to serve the broad national interest according to their lights." They are acting for the sake of other people and in their name. The same assertion can be made on behalf of military officers, except when the crimes they commit are passionate or selfish. It might be made, too, on behalf of revolutionary militants who kill innocent people for the sake of the cause (not because of any personal grudge), even though the cause has no official but only a putative connection to the national interest. These are leaders, too; they may have risen to their "offices" by means not all that different from those adopted by more conventional officials, and they can (sometimes) say that acts of the movement or the revolution are as representative as acts of state. If this argument is acceptable in the case of statesmen and

officers, I can see no reason to reject it in the case of revolutionaries. But it is a bad argument in all these cases, for it is false to suggest that representative functions are morally risk-free. They are instead peculiarly risky, precisely because statesmen, officers, and revolutionaries act for other people and with wide-ranging effects. They act sometimes so as to endanger the people they represent, sometimes so as to endanger the rest of us; they can hardly complain if we hold them subject to moral judgment.

Political power is a good that people seek. They aspire to office, connive at control and leadership, compete for positions from which they can do evil as well as good. If they hope to be praised for the good they do, they cannot escape blame for the evil. Still, blame is always resented, even when we may think it well-deserved, and it is important to try to say why this is so. Moral criticism goes very deep; it calls into question a leader's good faith and his personal rectitude. Since political leaders rarely are cynical about their work, and never can afford to appear to be cynical, they take such criticism seriously and dislike it intensely. Disagreement they can accept (if they are democratic leaders) but not accusations of criminality. Indeed, they are likely to treat all moral criticism as an illegitimate displacement of political controversy. I suppose they are right to recognize that morality is often a mask for politics. The case is the same with the law. Legal accusations can be a very powerful form of political attack. But even though it is often used in that way, and often degraded in the use, it remains true nevertheless that political leaders are bound by the legal code and can rightly be charged and punished for criminal acts. Similarly with the moral code: though the terms of praise and blame are universally available and often misused, the code is still binding, and praise and blame are at least sometimes appropriate. The misuse of law and morality is common in wartime, and so we have to be careful not only in punishing political leaders for the wars they wage but also in stigmatizing them. They have no *a priori* claim to escape the stigma of aggression, however, when they violate the rights of another people and force its soldiers to fight.

Acts of state are also acts of particular persons. When they take the form of aggressive war, particular persons are criminally responsible. Just who those persons are, and how many they are, is not always apparent. But it makes sense to begin with the head of state (or the effective head) and the men and women immediately around him, who actually control the government and make key decisions. Their accountability is clear, like that of the commanders of a military campaign for the strategy and tactics they adopt, for they are the source rather than the recipient of superior orders. When they defend themselves, they don't look up the political hierarchy, but across the battleline: they blame their opponents for forcing *them* to fight. They point to the intricate complexity of the

pre-war maneuvering and to the extravagant demands and harassing actions of their adversaries. They have long stories to tell:

*Who first attacked? Who turned the other cheek?
Aggression perpetrated is as soon
Denied, and insult rubbed into the injury
By cunning agents trained in these affairs,
With whom it's touch-and-go, don't tread-on-me,
I-dare-you-to, keep-off, and kiss-my-hand.
Tempers could sharpen knives, and do; we live
In states provocative.**

Nevertheless, it is worth setting down some of the cases about which we have, I think, no doubts: the German attack on Belgium in 1914, the Italian conquest of Ethiopia, the Japanese attack on China, the German and Italian interventions in Spain, the Russian invasion of Finland, the Nazi conquests of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Denmark, Belgium, and Holland, the Russian invasions of Hungary and Czechoslovakia, the Egyptian challenge to Israel in 1967, and so on—the 20th century makes for easy listing. I believe that the American war in Vietnam belongs to the same series. Sometimes the going is more muddy; political leaders are not always in control of their own provocations, and wars do break out without anyone planning or intending to violate anyone else's rights. But insofar as we can recognize aggression, there should be little difficulty in blaming heads of state. The hard and interesting problems arise when we ask how responsibility for aggression is diffused through a political system.

At Nuremberg, the crime of aggression ("crime against peace") was said to involve "the planning, preparation, initiation, and waging of [aggressive] war." These four activities were distinguished from the planning and preparation of particular military campaigns and from the actual fighting of the war, which were (rightly) held to be noncriminal in character. Now, "planning, preparation, initiation, and waging" would appear to be the work of a fairly large number of people. But in fact the courts restricted the range of accountability so that convictions were obtained only against those officials who were part of "Hitler's inner circle of advisors" or who played such a major role in the making or execution of policy that their protests and refusals would have had a significant impact. Persons lower down the bureaucratic hierarchy, though their contribution was cumulatively significant, were not held individually responsible. It is not at all clear, however, just where we should draw that line; nor is it clear that we ought to assign blame in the same way as we assign legal culpability. The best way to deal with these issues is to turn immediately to a critical case.

In an important article on responsibility for crimes of

war, Sanford Levison has analyzed the Nuremberg verdicts, focusing especially on the trial of Ernst von Weizsaecker, who was State Secretary of the German Foreign Ministry from 1938 to 1943, second only to von Ribbentrop (one of the "inner circle") in the foreign policy hierarchy. I want to follow Levinson's account, and then draw some conclusions from it. Von Weizsaecker was charged with crimes against the peace and initially convicted, but the conviction was reversed upon review. His defense emphasized two points: first, that he took no part in actual policy planning, and secondly, that within the Foreign Ministry he opposed Nazi aggression; he was also involved, at least marginally, in underground opposition to Hitler's regime. The review court accepted this defense, emphasizing its second part: von Weizsaecker's diplomatic activity, which "aided and abetted" German war plans, was so important that it would have been held against him had he not criticized Hitler's policies within his ministry and passed information to more active opponents outside. Thus the line of criminal responsibility was drawn so as to include officials like von Weizsaecker, while he himself was acquitted because, though he clearly played a part in "preparing" an aggressive war, he also "opposed and objected to" that war.

The prosecution argued the insufficiency of this opposition: since he knew of plans for aggression, it was said, he had a positive duty to reveal those plans to the potential victims. But the court rejected this argument because of the risks such action would have entailed and also because it might have led to greater German losses on the battlefield.

One may quarrel with, and oppose to the point of violence and assassination, a tyrant whose programs mean the ruin of one's country. But the time has not yet arrived when any man would view with satisfaction the ruin of his own people and the loss of its young manhood. To apply any other standard of conduct is to set up a test that has never yet been suggested as proper and which, assuredly, we are not prepared to accept as either wise or good.

This is too strong, I think, for it is obviously not a question of "viewing with satisfaction" the battle losses of one's own side. One might be greatly saddened by them and still feel it morally right to protect the innocent people of the victim state. And surely we would think it both wise had some German opponent of Hitler warned the Danes or the Belgians or the Russians of the coming attacks. But there is probably no legal or moral obligation to act in this way. Not only the risk but also the inner pain that a man might feel at such a time is more than we require. On the other hand, von Weizsaecker's alternative actions, though they satisfied the judges, may have amounted to less than we require. For he continued to serve the regime whose policies he disapproved; he did not resign.

The issue of resignation came up more directly in

*From "Foreign Affairs" by Stanley Kunitz.

connection with charges that von Weizsaecker was guilty of war crimes and crimes against humanity, the latter relating to the extermination of the Jews. Here, too, he argued "that minimal participation should be negated by the fact that he opposed what was being done." But in this case, intra-office opposition was not deemed sufficient. The SS had formally requested the Foreign Ministry's opinions in regard to its policy on the Jewish question. And von Weizsaecker, though he knew what that policy was, had voiced no objections. Apparently he thought his silence the price of his office, and he wanted to retain his office so that he "might be in a position to initiate or aid in attempts to negotiate peace" and so that he might continue to pass on information to Hitler's underground opponents. But the court held that "One cannot give consent to . . . the commission of murder because by so doing he hopes eventually to be able to rid society of the chief murderer. The first is a crime of imminent actuality while the second is but a future hope." The court did not believe that failure to resign was itself a matter of criminal liability. While it might be true that no "decent man could continue to hold office under a regime which carried out . . . wholesale barbarities of this kind," indecency is not a crime. But to hold office and keep silent was a punishable offense, and von Weizsaecker was sentenced to seven years in prison.

Now, the criteria of "significant contribution" or the possibility of "significant protest" seem entirely appropriate in deciding upon trial and punishment. The standards of blame, however, are much more strict: we need to say more about indecency. If von Weizsaecker was bound to resign in protest, I don't see why lesser officials with similar knowledge were not similarly bound. In the United States during the Vietnam years, only a very small number of foreign policy officials resigned, most of them holding low-level positions, but those resignations were morally heartening (to those of us, at least, who knew their reasons) in a way that suggests they should have been imitated. The courage required to resign in Germany in the late 1930s or early 1940s was far greater than that required in the US three decades later, where opposition to the war was public and vociferous. But it was not a death-defying courage that was necessary even in Germany, but something less, well within the reach of ordinary people. Many officials who failed to resign offered excuses for not doing so, which suggests that they recognized the imperative, however dimly. These excuses were mostly like von Weizsaecker's, focused on distant goods. But there were also men who remained in office in order to engage, often at great personal risk, in concrete and immediate acts of benevolence or sabotage. The most extraordinary of these was an SS lieutenant whose case has been carefully documented by Saul Friedlander in his book, *Kurt Gerstein: The Ambiguity of Good*:

Gerstein represented the type of man who, by virtue of his deepest convictions, disavowed the Nazi regime, even hated it inwardly, but collaborated with it in order to combat it from within and to prevent worse things from happening.

I cannot retell Gerstein's story here; it is enough to say that it demonstrates that it was possible to live a moral life even in the SS, though at a cost in personal agony (Gerstein eventually committed suicide) that we can expect few people to pay. Resignation is much easier. Sometimes, I think, we must take it as the minimal sign of moral decency.

Von Weizsaecker's case invites us to reflect on one further problem. The State Secretary was a diplomat who carried out negotiations with foreign countries under instructions from his superiors. But he was also an advisor to those superiors; his own views were frequently requested. Now advisors are in a curious position with regard to both legal and moral judgment. Their most important advice is often given orally, whispered in the ruler's ear. What is written down may be incomplete, tailored to the requirements of bureaucratic correspondence. We miss the nuances and qualifications, the subtle signs of doubt, the private emphases and hesitations. If sufficient documentation is available, we may go ahead and make judgments anyway. It's certainly not the case that only "line" and never "staff" officials can be held responsible for decisions made. But whispering in the ruler's ear is problematic; it is easier to suggest what should be said than what we should do if we suspect that it hasn't been said.

What von Weizsaecker said was probably insufficient, for according to his own account he urged nothing more than the likelihood of German defeat; his opposition to Hitler's policies were always expressed in expedient terms. Perhaps those were the only terms likely to be effective in Germany during those years. That is probably true in other cases, too, even with governments less openly committed to a career of conquest. But it is often important to use the language of morality, if only to break through the forms of euphemism and silence with which officials conceal even from themselves the extent and nature of the crimes they are committing. Sometimes the best way for an adviser to say no is simply to give an accurate name to the policy he is being asked to approve. This point is beautifully made in a speech in Shakespeare's *King John*. With hints and indirection, John had ordered the murder of his nephew Arthur, Duke of Brittany. Later he came to regret the murder and turned on his courtier, Hubert de Burgh, who had carried it out.

*Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause
When I spoke darkly what I purposed,
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off. . . .
But thou didst understand me by my signs,*

*And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act,
The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.*

The speech is hypocritical. But it captures the common quality of bureaucratic acquiescence, and it suggests very forcefully that advisors and agents, when they have the opportunity, must speak out "in express words," using the moral language that we all know. They may be judged insufficiently tough or hard-headed if they talk that way. But to be "tough" enough to carry out policies that are literally unmentionable is to be either very cowardly or very wicked.

What about the rest of us—citizens, let's say, of a state engaged in an aggressive war? Collective responsibility is a hard notion, though it is worth stressing at once that we have fewer problems with collective punishment. Resistance to aggressions is itself "punishing" to the aggressor state and is often described in those terms. With reference to the actual fighting, civilians on both sides are innocent, equally innocent, and never legitimate military targets. They are, however, political and economic targets once the war is over; that is, they are the victims of military occupation, political reconstruction, and the exaction of reparative payments. We may take the last of these as the clearest and simplest case of collective punishment. Reparations are surely due the victims of aggressive war, and they can hardly be collected only from those members of the defeated state who were active supporters of the aggression. Instead, the costs are distributed through the tax system, and through the economic system generally, among all the citizens, often over a period of time extending to generations that had nothing to do with the war at all. In this sense, citizenship is a common destiny, and no one, not even its opponents (unless they become political refugees, which has its costs, too) can escape the effects of a bad regime, an ambitious or fanatic leadership, or an overreaching nationalism. But if men and women must accept this destiny, they can sometimes do so with a good conscience, for the acceptance says nothing about their individual responsibility. The distribution of costs is not the distribution of guilt.

At least one writer has tried to argue that political destiny is a kind of guilt: existential, unavoidable, frightening. The soldier or citizen of a state at war, J. Glenn Gray writes in *The Warriors*, his philosophical memoir of World War II, is a member of a "coarse, vulgar, heedless, and violent" community and, willy-nilly, a participant in an enterprise "whose spirit is to win at any cost." He cannot cut himself loose.

He is bound to reflect that his nation has given him refuge and sustenance, provided him with whatever education and property he calls his own. He belongs and will always belong to it in some sense no matter where he goes or how hard he

seeks to alter his inheritance. The crimes, therefore, that his nation or one of its units commits cannot be indifferent to him. He shares the guilt as he shares the satisfaction in the generous deeds and worthy products of nation or army. Even if he did not consciously will them and was unable to prevent them, he cannot wholly escape responsibility for collective deeds.

Maybe. But it is not an easy move from "the ache of guilt," which Gray almost lovingly describes, to hard talk about responsibility. It might be better to say of loyal citizens who watch their government or army (or their comrades in battle) doing terrible things that they feel or should feel ashamed rather than responsible—unless they actually are responsible by virtue of their particular participation or acquiescence. Shame is the tribute we pay to the inheritance that Gray describes. "A burning sense of shame at the deeds of his government and the acts of horror committed by German soldiers and police was the mark of a conscientious German at the close of the war." That is exactly right, but we won't ourselves blame that conscientious German or call him responsible; nor need he blame himself unless there was something he should have done, and could do, in the face of the horror.

Perhaps it can always be said of such a person that he could have done more than he did do. Certainly conscientious men and women are likely to believe that of themselves; it is a sign of their conscientiousness. Gray writes of the citizen,

On this or that occasion he has been silent when he should have spoken out. In his own smaller or larger circle of influence he has not made his whole weight felt. Had he brought forth the civil courage to protest in time, some particular act of injustice might have been avoided.

Such reflections are endless and endlessly dispiriting; they lead Gray to argue that behind collective responsibility there lies "metaphysical guilt," which derives from "our failure as human beings to live in accordance with our potentialities and our vision of the good." But some of us, surely, fail more dismally than others; and it is necessary, with all due caution and humility, to mark out standards by which we can measure the respective failures. Gray suggests the right standard, though he goes on very quickly to insist that we can never apply it to anyone but ourselves. But that kind of self-regard is not possible in politics and morality. Judging ourselves, we necessarily judge other people, with whom we share a common life. And how is it possible to criticize and blame our leaders, as we sometimes must do, without involving their enthusiastic followers (our fellow citizens)? Though responsibility is always personal and particular, moral life is always collective in character.

This is Gray's principle, which I mean to adopt and expound: "The greater the possibility of free action in the communal sphere, the greater the degree of guilt for evil deeds done in

the name of everyone." The principle invites us to focus our attention on democratic rather than authoritarian regimes. Not that free action is impossible even in the worst of authoritarian regimes; at the very least, people can resign, withdraw, flee. But in democracies there are opportunities for positive response, and we need to ask to what extent these opportunities fix our obligations when evil deeds are committed in our name.

Take the American people and the war in Vietnam. The American war in Vietnam was, first of all, an unjustified intervention, and it was, secondly, carried on in so brutal a manner that even had it initially been defensible, it would have to be condemned, not in this or that aspect but generally. I am not going to argue that description here, but assume it, so that we can look closely at the responsibility of democratic citizens—and at a particular set of democratic citizens, namely, ourselves.

Democracy is a way of distributing responsibility (just as monarchy is a way of refusing to distribute it). But that doesn't mean that all adult citizens share equally in the blame we assign for aggressive war. Our actual assignments will vary a great deal, depending on the precise nature of the democratic order, the place of a particular person in that order, and the pattern of his own political activities. Even in a perfect democracy, it cannot be said that every citizen is the author of every state policy, though every one of them can rightly be called to account. Imagine, for example, a small community where all the citizens are fully and accurately informed about public business, where all of them participate, argue, vote on matters of communal interest, and where they all take turns holding public office. Now this community, let us say, initiates and wages an unjust war against its neighbors—for the sake of some economic advantage, perhaps, or out of zeal to spread its (admirable) political system. There is no question of self-defense; no one has attacked it or is planning to do so. Who is responsible for this war? Surely all those men and women who voted for it and who cooperated in planning, initiating, and waging it. The soldiers who do the actual fighting are not responsible as soldiers; but as citizens, they are, assuming that they were old enough to have shared in the decision to fight. All of them are guilty of the crime of aggressive war and of no lesser charge, and we would not hesitate in such a case to blame them publicly. Nor would it make any difference whether their motive was economic selfishness or a political zeal that appeared to them entirely disinterested. Either way, the blood of their victims would complain against them.

Those who voted against the war or who refused to cooperate in the waging of it could not be blamed. But what would we think of a group of citizens that didn't vote? Had they voted, let's say, the war might have been avoided, but they were lazy, didn't care, or were afraid to come down on one side or the other of a hotly

disputed issue. The day of the crucial decision was a day off from work; they spent it in their gardens. I am inclined to say that they are blameworthy, though they are not guilty of aggressive war. Surely those of their fellow citizens who went to the assembly and opposed the war can blame them for their indifference and inaction. This seems a clear counter-example to Gray's assertion that "No citizen of a free land can justly accuse his neighbor . . . of not having done as much as he should to prevent the state of war or the commission of this or that state crime. But each can . . . accuse himself. . . ." In a perfect democracy, we would know a great deal about one another's duties, and just accusations would not be impossible.

Imagine now that the minority of citizens that was defeated could have won (and prevented the war) if instead of merely voting, they had held meetings outside the assembly, marched and demonstrated, organized for a second vote. Let's assume that none of this would have been terribly dangerous to them, but they chose not to take these measures because their opposition to the war wasn't all that strong; they thought it unjust but were not horrified by the prospect; they hoped for a quick victory; and so on. Then they are blameworthy, too, though to a lesser degree than those slothful citizens who did not even bother to go to the assembly.

These last two examples resemble the good samaritan case in domestic society, where we commonly say that if it is possible to do good, without risk or great cost, one ought to do good. But when the issue is war, the obligation is stronger, for it is not a question of doing good, but of preventing serious harm, and harm that will be done in the name of my own political community—hence, in some sense, in my own name. Here, assuming still that the community is a perfect democracy, it looks as if a citizen is blameless only if he takes back his name. I don't think this means that he must become a revolutionary or an exile, actually renouncing his citizenship or loyalty. But he must do all he can, short of accepting frightening risks, to prevent or stop the war. He must withdraw his name from this act (the war policy) though not necessarily from every communal action, for he may still value, as he probably should, the democracy he and his fellow citizens have achieved. This, then, is the meaning of Gray's maxim: the more one can do, the more one has to do.

We can now drop the myth of perfection and paint a more realistic picture. The state that goes to war is, like our own, an enormous state, governed at a great distance from its ordinary citizens by powerful and often arrogant officials. These officials, or at least the leading among them, are chosen through democratic elections, but at the time of the choice very little is known about their programs and commitments. Political participation is occasional, intermittent, limited in its effects, and it is mediated by a system for the distribution of news which is partially controlled by

those distant officials and which in any case allows for considerable distortions. It may be that a politics of this sort is the best we can hope for (though I don't believe that) once the political community reaches a certain size. Anyway, it is no longer as easy to impose responsibility as it is in a perfect democracy. Those distant officials aren't kings, but for certain sorts of state action, secretly prepared or suddenly launched, they bear a kind of regal responsibility.

When a state like this commits itself to a campaign of aggression, its citizens (or many of them) are likely to go along, as Americans did during the Vietnam war, arguing that the war may after all be just; that it is not possible for them to be sure whether it is just or not; that their leaders know best and tell them this or that, which sounds plausible enough; and that nothing they can do will make much difference anyway. These are not immoral arguments, though they reflect badly on the society within which they are made. And they can, no doubt, be made too quickly by citizens seeking to avoid the difficulties that might follow if they thought about the war for themselves. These people are or may be blameworthy, not for aggressive war, but for bad faith as citizens. But that is a hard charge to make, for citizenship plays such a small part in their everyday lives. "Free action in the communal sphere" is a possibility for men and women in such a state only in the formal sense that serious governmental restraint, actual repression, doesn't exist. Perhaps it should also be said that the "communal sphere" doesn't exist, for it is only the day-by-day assumption of responsibility that creates that sphere and gives it meaning. Even patriotic excitement, war fever, among such people is probably best understood as a reflex of distance, a desperate identification, stimulated, it may be, by a false account of what is going on. Like soldiers in combat, they are not to blame for a war that is not their war.

But as an account of all the citizens, even in such a state, this is certainly exaggerated. For there exists a group of more knowledgeable men and women, members of what political scientists call the foreign policy elites, who are not so radically distanced from the national leadership; and some subset of these people, together with others in touch with them, is likely to form an "opposition" or perhaps even a movement of opposition to the war. It would seem possible to regard the entire group of knowledgeable people as at least potentially blameworthy if that war is aggressive and unless they join the opposition. To say that is to presume upon the knowledge they have and their private sense of political possibility. But if we turn to an actual case of imperfect democracy, like the United States in the late 1960s and early 1970s, the presumption doesn't seem unwarranted. Surely there was knowledge and opportunity enough among the country's elites, the national and local leaders of its political parties, its religious establishments, its corporate

hierarchies, and perhaps above all its intellectual teachers and spokesmen—the men and women whom Noam Chomsky has named, in tribute to the role they play in contemporary government, "the new mandarins." Surely many of these people were morally complicitous in our Vietnam aggression. I suppose one can also say of them what many of them have said of themselves; that they were simply mistaken in their judgments of the war, failed to realize this or that, thought that was true when it was not, or hoped for this result which never came about. In moral life generally, one makes allowances for false beliefs, misinformation, and honest mistakes. But there comes a time in any tale of aggression and atrocity when such allowances can no longer be made. I cannot mark out that time here; nor can I necessarily point at particular people. Nevertheless, there are responsible people even when, under the conditions of imperfect democracy, moral accounting is difficult and imprecise.

The real moral burden of the American war fell on that subset of men and women whose knowledge and sense of possibility was made manifest by their oppositional activity. They were the ones most likely to reproach themselves and one another, continually asking whether they were doing enough to stop the fighting, devoting enough time and energy, working hard enough, working as effectively as they could. For most of their fellow citizens—anxious, apathetic, and alienated—the war was merely an ugly or an exciting spectacle (until they were forced to join it). For the dissidents, it was a kind of moral torture—self-torture, as Gray describes it, though they also tortured one another, wastefully, in savage internecine conflicts over what was to be done. And this self-torture bred a kind of self-righteousness *vis-a-vis* the others, an endemic failing on the Left, though understandable enough under condition of aggressive war and mass acquiescence. The expression of that self-righteousness, however, is not a useful way to get one's fellow citizens to think seriously about the war or to join the opposition: nor was it useful in this case. It is not easy to know what course of action might serve these purposes. Politics is difficult at such a time. But there is intellectual work to do that is less difficult: one must describe as graphically as one can the moral reality of war, talk about what it means to force people to fight, analyze the nature of democratic responsibilities. These, at least, are encompassable tasks, and they are morally required of the men and women who are trained to perform them. Nor is it dangerous to perform them, in a democratic state, waging war in the distant country. And the citizens of such a state have time to listen and reflect. Like their leaders, and unlike those fellow citizens doing the fighting, they are in no immediate danger.

This article is adapted from a chapter in *Just and Unjust Wars*, to be published by Basic Books later this month.

Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on theater/film

Ill Wind

Lionel Trilling, if I may drop a name, came to dinner a few years ago, shortly after he had seen the Broadway production of *Equus*. "Have you written about it?" he asked. Yes, I said. "Pro or con?" he asked anxiously. Con. Ease suffused his beautiful face, and dinner proceeded happily.

Trilling and I—forgive the conjunction—were in the minority. The play had been a tremendous success in London at the National, had been hailed in New York before it came here by touring New York critics avid for middle-seriousness, and had then opened here to praise and profits. It's probably still playing somewhere in the US. What bothered Trilling was not the play's success—success or failure was not his professional interest—but its ecstatic critical reception. Like all good critics he remained naïve in one way at least: he never could reconcile himself to the fact that inferior work often gets high praise. (I've never known a good critic who was really cynical. The good ones are outraged by bad criticism the thousandth time as much as the first time.)

Now comes the film of *Equus* (United Artists). Now among the manifold reasons why I wish Trilling were still alive is a trifling one—I could tell him that the film exposes the play. I have no clue as to whether the film will be a success, but I risk one prediction: the film will impose less than the play. The acting, even Sidney Lumet's direction, may be praised, but the dubiousness of the material will be more apparent. And this drew me to think of past occasions when transposition to film has been like an acid bath revealing the lead in allegedly golden plays—*Death of a Salesman* and *Indians* are only two examples—and then to explore why this happens. I don't mean plays that make bad films because they're badly filmed: Terence McNally's *The Ritz* is a better-than-average farce, but its better-than-average film director, Richard Lester,

doesn't know how to handle stage material. I mean precisely the way that the film form searches out flabbiness and thinness in material that, in the theater, has been thought substantial.

Often this is because techniques that seemed impressive in the theater are stripped away or reduced to commonplaces by the very form of film. The time-interweavings in *Salesman*, the heavy-breathing sleight of hand in *Indians* are such commonplaces of film discourse that they couldn't possibly aggrandize the material on screen. So the film medium revealed that the material under the wrappings was: a) separable from the wrappings, which in good art would not be the case; b) less than it had seemed when wrapped.

In *Equus* on the stage, the central metaphor was a boxing ring, into which the actors for each scene stepped from the sidelines. The encounters between the psychiatrist and the boy who had blinded six horses were seen as bouts, probably—since the recurrent motif in the doctor's mind is ancient Greece—intended to have some of the flavor of classic pugilism. The horses were represented by six young men in skin-tight costumes with wire-frame horse heads and cothurni. All this symbolic accoutrement was necessity changed into device. The boxing ring was a way of theatrical containment and of abstraction. And, since six real horses were somewhat out of the question, the men-as-horses suggested both the sleek physicality of the beasts and the underlay of unacknowledged homosexuality that pervaded the boy's problem.

These devices gave the play, for many, an air of the poetically profound; but these devices were ruled out by the transposition to film. Symbolism has often been used in films and sometimes by masters—Cocteau and Bergman, for examples—but usually it has been symbolism conceived in cinematic modes, and it has very rarely been used in expensive pictures aimed at the

massiest mass market. The mass theater audience is not only much smaller numerically than the mass film audience, it begins at a somewhat higher stratum of intellectual-artistic sophistication. (As I've noted before, there is no longer a truly popular theater audience corresponding in kind to the immense broad base of the film audience.) The Broadway audience and its counterparts elsewhere rather enjoy, from time to time, a bit of comfy *derrière-garde* experimentation and non-realism—*The Shadow Box* is a current instance. One of the reasons for the success of *Equus*, I'm convinced, was its assurance to theater audiences that they had been tested imaginatively—and had passed!

There's none of this in the film version. Not only because the biggest part of the audience would be discomfited by it but because the film medium itself would be discomfited by it. Nothing is easier to the film than to include many places, so the boxing-ring idea would seem artificial. Real horses, easy to manage with cutting and re-takes, push the idea of symbolic horses into the trash can. Even the most subtle viewer would find these symbols hard to credit in a film.

So the film is stripped of its theater paraphernalia. And the script must therefore rearrange the time planes. For the most part we don't get the past as, for the most part, we got it in the play: through the boy's remembering "now"

Films Worth Seeing

Julia. Lillian Hellman's memoir is too upholstered to be fully effective, but Vanessa Redgrave is glorious, Jason Robards fine, and Jane Fonda good.

Let Joy Reign Supreme. It very nearly does—ironically. By Bertrand Tavernier, who made *The Clockmaker*. The French court in 1720. Rich, intelligent, sexy, and generally subtle.

One Sings, The Other Doesn't. Two French women and the friendship that gives them strength to grow in their separate lives. The best film so far about New Women, warm with presence.

The Spy Who Loved Me. James Bond. For those in James Bondage, this is far from the worst.

SK

of what happened "then." The film goes to the past in conventional flashback, converting the past into another "now." This makes patent nonsense of what was dreamily disguised nonsense in the play. We see the boy—again, as in the play, well acted by Peter Firth—behaving moonily and loonily with real horses *before* he commits the atrocities, instead of remembering his past behavior moonily and loonily after he commits them. This is to make the boy a very visible clinical case right from his first appearance. He is so immediately weird that his parents seem dense not to notice it, and the girl's sexual interest in him becomes highly bizarre. The film changes the play's intended mystery about the boy's explosion into a flat inevitability, highly predictable by everyone around.

The film does even worse, in a different way, for the psychiatrist. (Played by Richard Burton with more to work on than in *The Exorcist II* but with about equal professional sincerity.) The play's various devices tried to give the doctor at least a base for his own agony—his envy of the boy's passion. In the film the present-tense recreation of the past makes the doctor's envy, which was clearly silly to some of us in the theater, now glaringly clear. Here is a doctor a great deal sicker than his patient—not deprived of passion but sick. Because what the doctor is envying here is, obviously, not passion but psychosis.

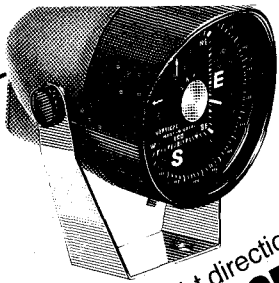
And the loading of the dice by the author, Peter Shaffer, is much more conspicuous here. The boy has been assigned to a doctor who is having a frigid marital life. In the play it was plain enough that if the doctor were happily married, the whole thesis would crumble. In the film, the contrivance of choosing just this one doctor seems much clumsier, and the whole jerry-built pseudo-Laurentian comment on the lack of ecstasy in modern life utterly collapses.

But the film medium reveals the spuriousness in spurious plays by more than the stripping away of theatrical devices. Sometimes a poor play has no such devices: it tries to make its way by conviction of realism. Then we get such films as *The Subject Was Roses* and *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds*—both made from Pulitzer prize plays—where what seemed like verisimilitude in the theater shows up as artifice; or mere banality. The film medium *begins* realer than the theater: it

eats such plays for breakfast before it gets down to the day's realistic work. It's like a 10-power photograph being put under a 1000-power viewer and being shown up as insufficiently microscopic or as touched up. With *Equus* it wasn't a case of beginning with gritty realism. The necessities of film "reduced" the play to realism, and that second-stage realism simply doesn't stand up under the camera. Put it another way: if there had never been a play called *Equus*, the film still wouldn't ring true.

What does this mean about the relative truth and value of the two arts as such? Absolutely nothing. Some good plays become good films (*The Homecoming*), some good plays become bad films (*Long Day's Journey into Night*), some bad plays become good films (*Way Down East*). About the reverse flow—from film to stage—there's much less to say for the obvious reason that, in historical sequence, the theater has been much more of a source for films than vice versa. The few instances I know of the reverse flow have been deplorable: *Sweet Charity*, *Sugar*, *Rashomon*, *A Little Night Music*. (The last is soon to return as a film!) They showed, not surprisingly, that the film has its own untranslatable systems of felicities and disguises, that the theater's peculiar strengths can sometimes cripple even a healthy film script. But a trash-detection factor in the theater, analogous with what I've been discussing above, doesn't really apply because I can't think of an original screenplay as poor as the *Equus* film adaptation that has been reworked for the stage.

As the century moves on, a fascinating subject opens up more and more: the esthetic relations/differences between theater and film. Last spring I looked into the subject with a group of CUNY graduate students. The first thing we learned is that the literature is skimpy. André Bazin's two-part essay "Theater and Cinema" is a locus for stimulating argument, not for veneration. James Hurt's anthology *Focus on Film and Theater* is very valuable but necessarily limited. Just about the last thing we learned is that, increasingly, a true basic duality has been growing in creative people. Talents coming to maturity these days do not often think of themselves arbitrarily as either playwrights or screenwriters: both arts seem linked, interactive, wonderfully identical, wonderfully different. Even if a writer does choose one or the other, the basic linkage must remain, in the last



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quarter of this century. No matter how much a playwright may loathe film, he cannot write for the theater today without awareness of the film's effect on vision, rhythm, and realism. No matter how much a screenwriter may disregard the theater, he cannot (if he's serious) disregard what the best modern dramatists have wrought—in strophes of dialogue, surgeries of character, spectrums of imagination. I can't imagine that Terrence Malick's script for *Badlands* or Eric Rohmer's scripts for several of his *Moral Tales* would be as they are if Beckett and the so-called Theater of the Absurd hadn't existed.

The subject is rosy. And has really only begun to be cultivated. I describe it here to prevent any misconception about the intent of this piece. I'm not remotely interested in ranking the two arts. I am interested, and *Equus* brings it up again, in this x-ray detector action of the film form on some overrated plays: in showing up the outlines of papier-mâché arty décor, in penetrating the surface of superficial realism. Whatever the success of this picture, at least the film version of *Equus* must show a larger number of people that there is less in the work than met the theater audience's eye.

of an international competition held in 1970. There were 687 entries from 49 countries. The winner was the team of Richard Rogers, an Englishman, and Renzo Piano, an Italian. It is, to my knowledge, the only Archigram fantasy ever realized.

Archigram was a fleeting architectural fad in the 1960s in England. Led by Peter Cook, Michael Webb, and others who became disenchanted with the conventional Modern movement, the Archigram group, according to Robert M. Brandon, an American architect in Paris, writing in the *Journal of the American Institute of Architects*, "disseminated its work in a comic book-like format which was finely attuned to the zap culture of the 60s, and through London's Architectural Association School where Richard Rogers was educated. Archigram's early work focused on issues like flow, movement, expendability, and change." As I get it, the group believed that an ever-changing "throw-away" society requires a changeable "throw-away" architecture. Archigrammarians drew science fiction comic strips of walking cities and megastructures into and out of which little houses could be plugged. The drawings look much like Paolo Soleri's "arcology" fantasies redesigned for outer space.

Archigram would give us a moon settlement on earth, complete with a confusion of antennas, capsules, tubes, ducts, wires, metal stilts and metal rods. Some of the designs look like the spilled guts of a television set.

Cook and Webb have gotten over it, but Rogers was obviously still under the influence when he and Piano designed the Beaubourg. The two were also obviously under the influence of Mies van der Rohe and his belief in the permanence of change. Mies strove to create "universal spaces" that would serve any purpose. The idea of flexible spaces appeals to museum directors who never know what modern artists are likely to come up with.

The Beaubourg, alas, has more flexibility than its directors know what to do with, or can reasonably be expected to know what to do with. They were given eight huge lofts, three under and three above ground, with approximately two acres of floor space each, and everything—positively everything but the toilets—dangling from the ceiling.

The way Rogers and Piano achieved this was to design a tubular steel framework à la Mies and to hang a glass box inside it. Then they took all the

Wolf Von Eckardt on architecture

Beaubourg

Paris

The Centre National d'Art et de Culture Georges Pompidou—the newly completed, gaudily painted, oversized "art refinery" in the medieval heart of this city—strikes me as architecturally far less audacious than its admirers claim. Nor is it as disastrously disruptive of the historic Plateau Beaubourg district as its detractors charge.

It is, I think, just bad architecture. And that is far worse.

People get used to audacity and disharmony. The Eiffel Tower, too, was once considered a deplorable invasion of the Paris cityscape. Cities change with the times. But bad architecture continues to be uncomfortable to live with and often frustrates or even defeats its purpose. The purpose of the Beaubourg, as most people here call the Pompidou Center, is to boost and popularize the art of our time and to make Paris again its center. The French government strives to meet this purpose with admirable intelligence, largess, and broadmindedness. The architects, I fear, did not do it justice.

The idea of an ambitious modern art center originated with André Malraux, who talked to Le Corbusier about it in the early 1960s. Malraux wanted the center located in La Défense, a then delinquent suburb some two kilometers straight beyond the Arc de Triomphe. Le Corbusier insisted on placing it in the center of Paris, just about where it is located now. Nothing further happened until President Pompidou, who suc-

ceeded de Gaulle, took up the idea.

La Défense is now a nightmare of jazzy high-rise buildings, scattered around deserted plazas and entangled in freeways. It looks like a Hollywood set for a horror movie. Along with similar disasters—Front de Seine, a ghastly collection of office and apartment towers near the Eiffel Tower, and a skyscraping obscenity named Tour Montparnasse that would upstage it, as well as another freeway along the Seine—Pompidou aided and abetted this kind of "progress." Most Parisians now despise it.

When Giscard d'Estaing became President, he stopped the Seine freeway and reconfirmed the traditional height limitation. But he allowed the Pompidou Center to proceed, finding the concept convincing. Construction began in September 1974 on a three-acre site between Les Halles and the Marais, the oldest part of Paris, which had been cleared years before for an urban renewal project that didn't materialize.

The center includes the National Museum of Modern Art (which has a collection larger than that of the New York Museum of Modern Art), an Industrial Design Center, France's most modern public library with all kinds of audio-visual materials and gadgetry, a modern music center being organized by Pierre Boulez, a children's workshop, and special exhibitions, theater and film performances.

The architectural design is the result

mechanical equipment, pipes, ducts, exhausts, wires, and even stairs and escalators, and put them, à la Archigram, on the outside of the framework. The plumbing takes the place of a facade.

For added drama, the escalators are stuck into worm-like plexiglas tubes which protect them from wind and rain but not the summer sun. Sweating your way up these tubes is one of the things that makes the building uncomfortable.

For further science fiction comic book effect, the architects exaggerated the size of their tubes, ducts and pipes and, along the rue de Renard, they color-coded the psychedelic array, presumably for the Sunday comics—blue for air conditioning, red for freight elevators, yellow for electric wires, and green for water.

The many unusable spaces, nooks and crannies, that obviously result from this "let-it-all-hang-out" architecture, are closed by ugly wire mesh fences of the kind used around factories and concentration camps. Inside the building, too, wire mesh and die-cast metal furniture emphasize the machine esthetic.

What we are supposed to admire most about the boiler room facade of the building is that it is in constant motion.

That's kinetic architecture, we are told. You see the crimson freight elevators move up and down. You see people being sluiced through those escalator bowels. But the movement does not move me.

This architectural exhibitionism is not new. Divulging a building's private parts was the credo of "brutalism," another English fad of the '60s of which Peter and Alison Smithson were the best known exponents. In America, the comma-less architectural firm of Hardy Holtzman Pfeiffer likes to use painted plumbing for decoration. Their boldest example is the lobby of the Minneapolis Orchestra Hall.

As in most Modern architecture—of which this building, I believe, is likely to be the last important specimen—the contrived "functionalism" is highly unfunctional.

An air conditioning duct exposed to the sun requires a good deal more expenditure of energy than a sheltered one. The same is true of heat ducts in winter.

More importantly, perhaps, moving about in all this unorganized space is frustrating. Each floor has several entrances and exits. Once inside, you don't know where to turn or where to

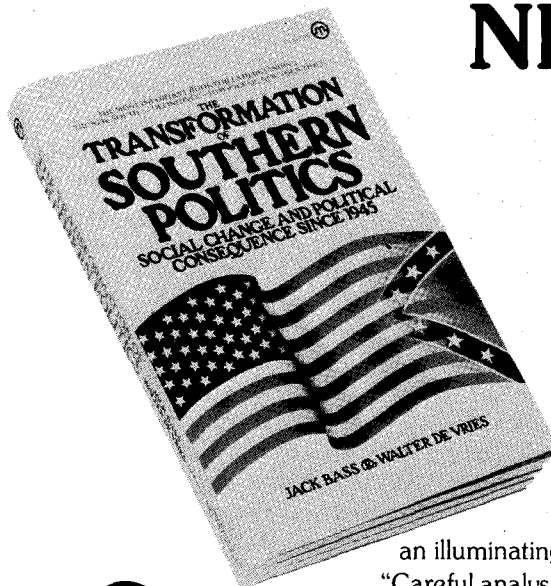
find anything. The exhibits have no logical sequence or procession. The lighting of the painting galleries is abominable: daylight, poorly controlled by movable screens, is in constant conflict with artificial light. Small cubicles for small works of art, created by dangling partitions, are overwhelmed by the gaudy plumbing displayed on the ceiling. Paintings look flat and lifeless. The labels and orientation signs are barely visible and more often than not only add to the confusion. A factory loft is no place to show art.

Nor is it a good place for a library. The Beaubourg's plentiful audio-visual gadgetry is impressive but also as inviting to serious concentration and study as Macy's bargain basement.

What's more, as so often in Modern architecture with a predilection for modern, untried materials, the place is already beginning to look shabby. The glued-down carpets are worn and dirty. The plastic tubes are scratched and cloudy. And how are they going to clean all those dust-catching wires and tubes?

Yet, the Pompidolium, as it is nicknamed, is a *succès fou*. Garish plumbing or no, Le Corbusier had been right to want it in the heart of the city. Opened

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last February, it continues to attract more people than all the other museums and monuments in Paris combined. It has already reinvigorated its surroundings to a degree no planner would have dared to dream only a year ago. Part of this, I believe, is due to the fact that the cobblestone plaza in front of the building and the narrow streets leading up to it have been closed to automobiles.

Numerous old houses have been restored and converted into very small but very expensive condominium apartments. There are already more than 30 art galleries, and an array of smart new shops and restaurants in the area. The new urban chic coexists happily with the old ambience of produce and butcher shops spilling their wares out into the street, tiny sidewalk cafés, and prostitutes.

In fair weather there are always

crowds on the cobblestone plaza in front of the Beaubourg. They are entertained by street performers of all kinds—a couple playing guitars and singing American folk songs, a young man, half-naked, rolling unharmed in a bed of splintered glass, another young man clutching a disheveled chicken, reciting his poetry, (the chicken dramatizing the question whether it and its cackle, or the egg and poetry, were first)—performances that make as much sense as the higher priced art inside.

Whether the crowds appreciate the art and commotion is hard to tell and beside the point. They gripe about a government that spent 200 million dollars (with a 26 million dollar annual operating budget) to give them art that mocks itself. No doubt they are also amused by this giant toy machine that would pass itself off as architecture.

therefore been amazed by Lang's statement:

In its first version Fidelio shows the guiding hand of the same great classicist who admired so much the disposition of tonalities in The Magic Flute, who like his revered model, Cherubini, used the leitmotif with discretion. . . . Despite the great advantages gained by rewriting of the opera, the difference in time caused stylistic inequalities. . . . The opera should be returned to its original form.

As it happened, a concert performance of the 1805 version of *Fidelio* conducted by Erich Leinsdorf at Tanglewood a year later provided an opportunity to hear its diffuse, conventional and derivative writing, and enabled me, when I listened afterward to the 1814 version, to appreciate how unerringly Beethoven had operated at every point in the revision that produced this version's powerful concentration and conciseness of utterance and form. I heard in it no "stylistic inequalities" but only the great work of art that was the one to perform; whereas Lang exhibited the musicologist's failure to recognize the primacy of esthetic value as against historical interest, in his insistence that the version of *Fidelio* to perform was not the one that offered the experience of a great work of art but the one that "shows the guiding hand of the same great classicist who admired so much the disposition of tonalities in *The Magic Flute* . . ."

Recently there has been need for an assertion of Giulini's good sense on behalf of Verdi's revised versions of certain of his works. Of the revised *Macbeth* that we hear in the opera house and on records Francis Toye wrote, in his fine book on Verdi, that "one would not willingly lose the admirable music it called forth"; but the first version without this admirable music was one of Sarah Caldwell's early projects for her Opera Company of Boston, and was one of the several Verdi first versions which Andrew Porter suggested that Philips record in its series of unfamiliar works of Verdi. I cannot recall whether Caldwell actually produced the first version of *Macbeth*; but she did, in 1973, produce the first version of *Don Carlo*, with French text, that Verdi wrote for the Paris Opera. And since the Metropolitan Opera is reported to be planning to use this version in a new production of *Don Carlo* instead of the revised version with Italian text that we know, something should be said about the differences between them.

B. H. Haggin on opera

Composers' Revisions

The director of an opera company planning to produce *Boris Godunov* will, if he has musical understanding, know that he must produce Musorgsky's own work, not Rimsky-Korsakov's recomposition of it. And faced then with the fact that Musorgsky's own work exists in two versions—the one completed in 1869 and the revision of it completed in 1872—our director will make a distinction between the changes in the 1872 version which Musorgsky made to satisfy the imperial opera administration that had rejected the 1869 version, and the changes that represented his own second thoughts. It was to satisfy the opera administration that he added the two Polish scenes, with a female character, Marina, for the false Dmitri to be romantically involved with; it was his own second thoughts that impelled him to rewrite much of the act in Boris's apartment, to compose the new scene in the forest of Kromy as the opera's new conclusion, and—making room for the additional scene—to omit the scene before the cathedral of St. Basil, transferring its episode of the Simpleton tormented by the boys to the Kromy scene. Recognizing that Marina is a fifth

wheel in the essential dramatic action, and recognizing also the musical inferiority of the Polish scenes, our director will feel free to omit them. But for the rest of the 1872 version he will accept the principle enunciated by the conductor Giulini—that when a composer has had second thoughts about a work of his one must defer to them—which doesn't rule out a concert performance of the 1869 version of the act in Boris's apartment to satisfy interest in what Musorgsky produced originally. Moreover, recognizing the musical quality and dramatic importance of the St. Basil scene, our director will restore it, and with it—transferred back from the Kromy scene—the episode of the Simpleton tormented by the boys.

As against Giulini's good sense there is the mindless musicological attitude exhibited in the statement in Paul Henry Lang's *Music in Western Civilization* that a young reader quoted to me some years ago. He had listened with friends to a tape of a performance of Beethoven's first (1805) version of *Fidelio*, which had left them glad Beethoven had had the second thoughts about it that resulted in the final (1814) version. And they had

In his review of the Caldwell production Porter wrote that even before the Paris premiere in 1867 Verdi had to shorten his enormously long five-act "grand opera": "Three whole numbers . . . and three substantial mid-scene episodes" were not merely omitted in the performances, but cut from the manuscript and not published, so that they were unknown until 1969. And in 1882-83 Verdi made the additional changes of the abridged and revised version, with Italian text, that we know—changes that included omission of the entire original first act (which has been retained, however, in the recorded performances) and some new writing. Caldwell did not present only the five-act version that had been performed in Paris in 1867, but was able to restore the material Verdi had cut from the manuscript and not published, which had been found in 1969. The musicologist David Rosen had found one piece of it folded down in the 1867 performance score; which had led Porter to examine the 1867 performance parts, where he had found the rest. It had been an exciting experience for him to assemble what he copied from the parts into page after page of the "lost" music; and "it was exciting, in Boston, to hear this music in the theater." But in addition, hearing it convinced Porter that no artistic consideration but only the necessity of shortening the work had impelled Verdi to eliminate it. And while he conceded that perhaps we should agree with Verdi's judgment that the 1883 four-act version was "more practicable and . . . maybe also better from an artistic point of view," Porter contended that the uncut original five-act *Don Carlo* performed in Boston was "a masterpiece of its kind . . . well worth performing from time to time."

But he didn't leave it at that. Balancing gains and losses in the two versions, he contended that the restored duet of Elisabeth and Eboli before "*O don fatale*" and duet of Philip and Carlo after Posa's death "deepen the character drawing of the two women and of the King"; that although Verdi, when he recomposed the second-act duet of Philip and Posa, made it even more powerful, "the original version is in its own right very strong and very beautiful"; that the later style of the recomposed passages in the 1883 version created stylistic inconsistency between old and new in the work; and lastly that the Italian translation of the 1883 version blunts "fine musical points and fine dramatic points," and "there is no good reason, outside Italy,

for ever using it again."

When, therefore, I listened to a tape of the Caldwell performance it was in the expectation of being impressed by what had impressed Porter; and I did agree with him that the original five-act *Don Carlo* was a fine work of its kind, "well worth performing from time to time." But I also found myself agreeing with what I could only surmise Verdi had thought about the numbers he didn't merely omit in the 1867 performances but cut from the manuscript and didn't publish: that they were good, but not of the magnitude of the numbers whose elimination would inflict great loss on the work—not of the magnitude, specifically, of the second-act duet "*Io vengo a domandar*" of Carlo and Elisabeth, of the fourth-act duet of Philip and the Grand Inquisitor, or of the numbers following it in that extraordinary scene. And performance of the 1867 original did entail, I discovered, the loss of a piece of writing of that magnitude. Listening to the long second-act duet of Philip and Posa, and expecting to hear the incandescent writing that begins with Posa's impassioned description of the monstrous peace Philip envisions for Flanders ("*Quant' è la pace che voi date al*

mondo") and continues with the duet ("*Inaspettata aurora*") that ends the act, I was bewildered by writing that was not only different but much less effective, until I realized that I was hearing the original 1867 version of the scene that Verdi had replaced in 1883 with the incandescent version I was familiar with. Porter not only had had a scholar's excitement over the unexciting unearthed 1867 passages, but had been calmly content with the 1867 Philip-Posa duet in place of the 1883 version that he had conceded was more powerful; but to a mere music-lover like myself this great 1883 passage far outweighed all that was restored of the 1867 work. Moreover I was not troubled by any stylistic inconsistency between old and new in the 1883 *Don Carlo*, or by any inadequacy of the Italian text.

All this seems to me important in connection with the Metropolitan's reported intention to produce the 1867 original. It is one thing for Caldwell to perform it two or three times in one of her seasons; it is another thing for the Metropolitan to make it what the public will hear in place of Verdi's 1883 revision for years to come. Not only is he entitled to have his second thoughts about his

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work accepted by the Metropolitan; but music-lovers are entitled to hear them—to hear the great 1883 version of the Philip-Posa duet and not to be compelled to hear the inferior 1867 version. The

one important loss in the 1883 *Don Carlo* is the omission of the 1867 first act; and the sensible thing for the Metropolitan is to add that act to the four of 1883, as the recording companies have done.

ment was attacking.

The Kotzes are quite open about this, which is not the least admirable quality of this admirable book. Thus at one point, the NWRO began a campaign to obtain credit at department stores for welfare recipients, surely a worthy and constructive proposal. The Kotzes describe this, and continue:

Wiley then mounted a nationwide campaign against Sears Roebuck. . . . The campaign went on for months with no success. Tactics ranged from disruptive demonstrations to private negotiations between Wiley and Mrs. Marion Ascoli, a financial backer of NWRO and a member of the family that owned America's largest retail business. Wiley was finally given a hearing at a board meeting, but Sears executives still refused to help.

The deepest and most enduring of Wiley's friendships with his financial supporters was with Audrey Stern Hess, granddaughter of Julius Rosenwald, the founder of the Sears Roebuck empire . . . Audrey Hess was at once his mentor, his student, his sponsor, his constant benefactor. Her elegant townhouse overlooking the East River was his New York headquarters. He nestled into the luxury of her home with its stunning collection of modern painting where the butler served him tea after a long day of hustling in New York.

Another early ally was David Hunter, Executive Director of the Stern Family Fund, which administered the multi-million dollar philanthropy of the Stern branch of the Rosenwald family.

A Marxist would put it that these rich people were "objectively" interested in the failure of Wiley's campaign against Sears. Indeed it did fail. And they do seem to have encouraged him in directions that more or less guaranteed failure. (Indeed, if I had any criticism of the book it would be that Wiley's donors are made out to be women with no minds of their own, reduced by his charm to social ataxia. Permit this Madisonian to think otherwise.)

The climax of the biography is the 1970 struggle to enact a guaranteed income, described as welfare reform and known as the Family Assistance Plan. It was a near run thing, as the Kotzes describe:

As Congress drew closer to adjournment, the fate of welfare reform was far from certain. A bill might conceivably be passed if liberals and moderates reached a

Books Considered

A Passion for Equality by Nick Kotz and Mary Lynn Kotz

(Norton; \$8.95)

I have the honor to be acquainted with a young man who attends one of the older New England preparatory schools, and who has, I believe, a future in politics. Early in 1976 I had occasion to ask him who the "rich kids" at his school were supporting for President. "Fred Harris," he replied. In mock astonishment I exclaimed: "Don't they know that Fred Harris was one of the senators who killed the Family Assistance Plan, which would have provided a guaranteed income for the poor people of America?"

"Exactly!" he responded, all atwinkle.

The fine biography of George Wiley by Nick and Mary Lynn Kotz could in fact be reviewed in just such terms: "In their explosive expose, nationally famous investigative reporter Nick Kotz and his wife Mary Kotz, rip the mask off the conspiracy of the scions of great American fortunes to suborn the movement for a guaranteed income in America by financing a secret agent provocateur whose tactics ensured that the effort would fail. The Czarist secret police at their most cunning could not more successfully have contrived the downfall of a great and generous social movement. The poor would read this account with bitter recognition, if they had the money to pay for the richly bound and lavishly illustrated volume. In a macabre victory celebration, its publication was the occasion for a lavish reception at Washington's fashionable Federal City Club. The poor might have watched through the heavily barred windows of the club premises three blocks from the White House. Had they tried, however, the establishment police would easily have driven them away, for their movement has been destroyed."

Seriously. George Wiley, as is well known, ran the National Welfare Rights Organization, and in about five years ran it into the ground. When he left in 1973 the organization was quite defunct, and if it survives at all it does so in isolated chapters rather as the Knights of Labor probably hung on here and there for years after it ceased to be a political or economic force of any sort. But no one has yet accused Terence V. Powderly of being in the pay of the mill owners. By contrast, as the Kotzes make explicitly clear, Wiley was throughout his activist career inordinately dependent on money he was given by extremely rich, established people. He was often financed by the very people his move-

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compromise with the administration. A group of lobbyists representing labor unions, citizens' groups, the League of Women Voters, and church groups began working toward such a compromise. Organizing the strategy was former HEW Secretary John Gardner, who now headed a new citizens' group called Common Cause. Gardner scheduled for November 20, at Common Cause Washington headquarters, a meeting in which Nixon's new Secretary of HEW, Elliot Richardson, would meet with representatives of the liberal special-interest groups to explore compromise.

The meeting never took place. Common Cause refused to permit a large NWRO delegation to attend; Wiley threatened to protest outside the building; and Common Cause canceled the meeting. Influential liberals thereafter blamed George Wiley for destroying any chance for compromise on welfare reform in the 1969-70 session of Congress. (The Washington Post editorially praised John Gardner as the most helpful proponent of reform and accused George Wiley of being its worst enemy.)

The Senate Finance Committee then met. "Three liberal Democrats, McCarthy of Minnesota, Fred Harris of Oklahoma, and Albert Gore of Tennessee, joined seven conservatives to defeat the bill . . . Wiley believed he had persuaded them to kill a bill that was bad for poor people."

Which was indeed his view. What the Kotzes make clear is that he did indeed kill the bill. Until now no partisans of Wiley have been quite prepared to go this far.

Having said all this, let me say there is no proof that his wealthy supporters knew Wiley's tactics would necessarily fail. Thus, the NWRO made extensive use of the well known "radical" technique of attacking liberals. Senator Abraham Ribicoff, for example, was the target of vile attack and fierce demonstrations, because he was the senator who most wanted welfare reform. The Kotzes describe this NWRO approach. "Wiley concentrated a 1970 demonstration against HEW Secretary Robert Finch in part because he considered Finch the administration official most amenable to NWRO demands. Finch tolerated an all-day NWRO occupation of his office, but the only result was that Finch lost his job." But the question is whether Wiley knew that Finch would lose his job. I think not. Nor do I believe that he was trying to destroy FAP. Carl Holman of the Urban Coalition, who

attempted unsuccessfully to negotiate between Wiley and Common Cause, was of the view that "George was playing political brinkmanship" and didn't really want to kill the meeting, nor yet, by inference, the bill. As for the bill itself, the Kotzes present ample evidence that Wiley intended to settle for something less than he demanded, but when the moment came he found that he had so convinced the board of directors of the NWRO that its demands were just that it would settle for nothing less. The nothing less was an NWRO proposal which, the Kotzes state "would have affected 130 million people and cost somewhere between 40 and 60 billion dollars."

I presume to say this because I knew George Wiley longer, surely, than his biographers and possibly in ways better. We were young professors teaching together at Syracuse University in the 1950s. (As the biographers note, when Wiley married his wife Wretha, he came first to our house for champagne.) He was a chemist working on things that I couldn't comprehend. I was working (with Nathan Glazer) on something he wasn't particularly interested in, but had no trouble following, which is to say patterns of ethnicity and family structure in northern cities. He frequently told me he learned from our conversations, indeed that my work in the end led to his.

What he never learned was the way politics and governments—and movements—work. He was devoured in no time by the passions he aroused. The Kotzes confront the awful decline of Wiley's final years. His wife left. His organization turned on him. "They would curse him, scream at him, rake him over the coals." At the final board meeting one member tried to choke him. He sought wider audiences, but the movement followed. In April 1972 he was the featured speaker at a ceremony by the Washington Monument on African Liberation Day. But he was drowned out by a group that marched to the platform accusing him of "talking black and sleeping white" and chanting, "Where's your white wife? Where's your white wife?" I don't know how he could have taken that, and possibly he didn't. He drowned in Chesapeake Bay in the summer of 1973.

Somewhere out there, there may be another George Wiley, and he will need to know more politics than George knew. Certainly, he will need to know that the coalition John Gardner tried so valiantly to build remains to be built, and must be if any serious welfare reform is to come about.

Daniel Patrick Moynihan

Daniel Patrick Moynihan is the junior senator from New York.

The Changing Mood in America by Faustine Childress Jones

(Howard University Press; \$6.95)

Race relations in America seem to be at a crossroads now, at a point when the unresolved stresses of the two decades since the Warren Court's *Brown* decision demand some sort of resolution. Although the strains are immensely tangled, the basic question that "both sides" want settled is simple: Will the country's white majority continue to support the idea that the federal government should be an aggressive advocate for the advancement of black Americans? That momentous question provides an extraordinary backdrop for the book *The Changing Mood in America*.

The appearance of the book couldn't be more timely. It's likely that decisions made during the next year—by the Carter Administration concerning its

domestic policy and by the Supreme Court in the Bakke case—will reverberate at least until the end of the century. Hence, the need for a cogent review of Afro-Americans' quest for full civil and social rights since 1954, and for reasoned views of what lies ahead.

Unquestionably, the gains blacks have made since 1960 in income, educational achievement, political influence, and other categories indicate an improving social status. But those gains for the most part have only slightly improved the position of blacks as a group in American society. (Blacks still are shockingly underrepresented in most professions. Their family income gains are largely attributable to the fact that both the husband and wife work. And of

course, there are the profoundly disturbing statistics on black unemployment.) In effect, those gains, more than anything else, show just how far down the social scale the large majority of blacks have been. Rather than characterizing blacks' ascent up the social ladder as "enormous progress," as the pollsters Wattenberg and Scammon did in 1973, Faustine Jones agrees with those who have more precisely labeled it a "marked improvement in many important aspects of life."

Jones's book is comprehensive and compelling. Her examination of the anti-civil rights stance of the Nixon-Ford Administrations and of the "changing mood" of the views that certain once-liberal white intellectuals have expressed in three influential journals should dispel anyone's doubt that "there is a changing mood in (white) society . . . (which) is more negative than positive with respect to the aspirations of blacks, other minorities, and the poor . . ." The eroding commitment toward blacks may now be reaching its full flowering. But, as Jones documents, it has been growing steadily over the past decade.

The intellectual justification for this

retreat has been furnished largely by scholars and social theoreticians who once championed the cause of civil rights for blacks. During the last decade these neo-conservatives became disillusioned with the disorderliness of massive social change. They've spent the last 10 years talking about the "failure" of the anti-poverty effort (a position which shows their blindness to its accomplishments) and proclaiming that federal efforts to intervene on behalf of blacks and poor people are misguided. This nonsense has reached its apotheosis in the ease with which some speak out against "reverse discrimination," the establishment of "group rights," and "preferential treatment." Such statements show how blithely they can ignore history. The concepts of group rights and preferential treatment—for white in general and white men in particular—have dominated the way American society operates. What is at issue now is not whether

blacks should receive "special treatment," since their very predicament stems from their having been treated so "specially." The question is whether that treatment will be positive or negative.

The general mood of blacks has also changed during these years, as Jones states, "from hopeful traditional assimilation to activism to alienation to relative passivity, punctuated now and again by sporadic efforts to effectuate black progress within the system."

Yet after years of relative inactivity, blacks and others who favor federal intervention on behalf of the "out" groups in society have also become more politically assertive. This book offers ammunition for those wishing to join the latter group in the battle.

Lee A. Daniels

Lee A. Daniels is a member of the editorial board of *The Washington Post*.

Black Odyssey by Nathan Irvin Huggins

(Pantheon; \$8.95)

It has never been easy to picture slavery in its extremes. Harriet Beecher Stowe claimed that slavery "in some of its workings, is too dreadful for the purposes of art." A work which represented it as it was "would be a work which could not be read." If fiction aimed to "give pleasure," it had to "draw a veil somewhere."

Scholarship has drawn in its own veil, for different reasons. From Reconstruction through the late 1950s, historiography slighted the presence of blacks in American life. Slavery was consigned to regional history; occasionally it popped up as an anomaly in constitutional history. The plantation image was picturesque. Masters were regarded at worst as benevolent despots, at best as civilizers of primitive laborers and as carriers of high culture; slaves as compliant but lazy, happy but fickle—just like their descendants.

There were notable exceptions to the mainstream, as in the work of W.E.B. DuBois, but by and large the view of quiescent slavery was as unchallenged as the contemporary state of race relations. The few black historians who had the training and inclination to tell the story of slavery from a black

perspective were discouraged from getting to the sources. Major archives were closed to them; university libraries in the South would sit them in a corner, or in a closet, and feed them one page of one document at a time.

Slavery was rediscovered in all its horror about 20 years ago. It was compared to the concentration camp experience, and it provided an environmental explanation for pathology and poverty. In this view the slaves were human beings taken captive and tyrannized. Today, research has enlightened us to see them not only as victims but also as builders of the world they lived in. The lesson of slavery is not the destruction of the personality but rather what Nathan Huggins, and others, call the "triumph of the human spirit over adversity."

Black Odyssey shares the current conviction that what was bright about slavery had nothing to do with the goodness of masters. The bounty of slavery is found in the talents and untrampled instincts of the slaves. But the book does not lose sight, or feel, of what was most terrible about slavery—the abandonment of whatever could have given the kidnapped African "sup-

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port and anchor: village, family, and even gods," and the constant threat of removal from the black society recreated on the plantations.

Huggins begins with a model of African life which he calls "something of an archetype." For a people bound by tradition and a world view consonant with the agricultural cycle, the passage into slavery was especially bewildering. No people were more compelled to relinquish their past, no people were more Americanized. But the change worked both ways. As Africans learned to speak English they gave words and intonations to the language. They gave emotion to Christianity and rejuvenated its song. In the field they introduced crops, tools, and methods of work.

Huggins tells the story in the spirit of DuBois, with a grasp for the whole and for the music in the most trying moments of life. Perhaps only the evocative style could sweep through centuries, cover so much ground, and involve so many people. But leaps across the time and place can flatten out important differences. Huggins is careful to recognize that the slaves on Southern plantations in 1860 were not the same people who were stolen from Africa a hundred or two hundred years before. Extending this reasoning to the situation in Africa, we could see that the archetype of 1600 is not valid by 1700; in fact, it didn't apply through most of the years of the slave trade. Huggins might have stayed with Africa a little longer than he did and described what followed the destruction of traditional life. Still, the chapters on African origins are the most affecting and convincing of the book. There are more erudite illustrations of the slave trade than Huggins's, but few which make the individual's predicament so palpable.

At times Huggins sounds on the verge of saying something that hasn't been said before. There is an alluring simplicity to many of his characterizations—but a disturbing absence of authority as well. The Puritans did not practice slavery, we are told, because they preferred to live in an homogeneous community. Didn't the Greeks of the classical age have both? And what would the Puritans have done for labor had they settled where it was feasible to grow rice or sugar? Southern agriculture, asserts Huggins, converted an African "peasant people to the discipline or industrial labor." This is an intriguing idea, but is it true? Where does it come from? In the book it neither comes from nor leads into a description of Southern

agriculture.

The problem of authority results from the style. To fit 250 years of American slavery into a compact narrative, Huggins generalizes at the risk of overstating and underexplaining his case. There are no footnotes in this book, and while some readers may sigh with relief, it should not be assumed that the nature of slavery is given, or that we have settled on all we need to know about it. Huggins has written an "epic story," not a definitive history. It is impressionistic, passionate, self-conscious. It builds upon the research of others which the author generously cites in his bibliographical note. While

this amounts to a guide to the best secondary materials on slavery, it does not touch the primary records of slaves and masters which Huggins studied for "nearly ten years." A critical discussion of the primary sources would better enable us to appreciate *Black Odyssey* for what it is: a synthesis of much that is known about slavery, and a meditation on areas where our knowledge is incomplete.

Theodore Rosengarten

Theodore Rosengarten is the author of *All God's Dangers: The Life of Nate Shaw* (Avon).

Facing Up to Modernity by Peter Berger

(Basic Books; \$11.50)

It would be fair to assume that a socialist intellectual, like this writer, would be completely hostile to an analysis which attacks both socialism and intellectuals, as this book does. It would be fair—and wrong. I am more convinced that good questions are worth almost as much as right answers (and that ideally, good questions are the only way to get to right answers). So if I reject many of the policy proposals and much of the general orientation of Peter Berger's collection of essays from the past decade, I want to recommend the volume as stimulating and provocative. It asks well.

For Berger, the condition of modernity is defined by "homelessness." The mediating structures of community and neighborhood—The "Little Aggregations," Durkheim called them—have been progressively destroyed. This has subverted the social infrastructure which made religious belief plausible and thus cut people off from that historically critical source of spiritual support and identity. At the same time, bourgeois society has separated the private from the public and told every citizen to "express" him or herself individualistically, an injunction which often leads to psychic crises. In all of this, Berger holds, the modernizers are often unconscious of what they are doing. They relativize everyone's belief—except their own—and thus assert an arrogant scientism in which the contemporary modes of knowledge are seen as the *only* modes of knowledge.

There is much that is true in this and some of these leading themes can be found in *The Communist Manifesto* as well as in the *Reflections on the Revolution*

In 1929, Richard Strauss, future President of Hitler's State Music Council, admitted "My period of creating operas has come to a close." That was before he met Stefan Zweig, a Jew.

A CONFIDENTIAL MATTER

The Letters of Richard Strauss and
Stefan Zweig, 1931-1935

Translated by Max Knight

After Strauss's librettist died in 1929 he regarded his period of creating great operas as finished. But several years later the Austrian writer Stefan Zweig offered to prepare a libretto and soon they were deep into a warm and fruitful artistic collaboration leading to the creation of *Die schweigsame Frau*, first performed in Dresden in 1935.

This profoundly moving book records their relationship from Zweig's first polite and deferential letter offering to present a musical project to the famous composer to Strauss's last letter, intercepted by the Gestapo, in which he boldly writes he will "never, ever" forego working with his Jewish librettist.

152 pages, 2 halftones, \$8.95

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in France. Still Berger presents the case well, and deepens it by explicating it in terms of sociological theory. The analyses of the enormous burdens placed on modern marriage, which is supposed to compensate for the loss of community, or of the ideology of psychic liberation are perceptive and illuminating. But when one turns to a chapter which originally appeared in this journal, "The Blueing of America", Berger's methodological strength becomes problematic. The goal, as the Marxist, George Lukacs, once put it, is to "see the present as history", to read this morning's newspaper in the light of the structural trends of the epoch. That is easier said than done, and Berger's account of the counter-culture shows why. That phenomenon, he rightly notes, was often encountered among middle and even upper-middle class youth. If they dropped out of the "rat race" in great numbers, the ironic result would be to open up avenues of social mobility for the working class young who still followed the traditional, and dominant, values of the work ethic. Thus, the esthetic anti-capitalism of the children of the capitalists would aid the rise of the children of a bourgeoisified working

class. The blue collars would win.

All of those paradoxes are fascinating enough—only I don't think they came true. The counterculture itself turned out to be a less than massive tendency of the times and much of it was co-opted in any case, often enough by workers and their children. Moreover, the elite young read the signs as well as Berger and many on the campuses gave up acid and alienation and turned to beer and studying. Still, I see value in the essay. It was a shocking, even playful, symbolic rendering of what would happen if, all other things being equal, the cultural radicalism of the upper classes opened up opportunities for the workers. That tendency turned out to be a trend of the times, not *the* trend, and all things not equal, it became an ineffective trend. Still, if one takes Berger's point as an *aperçue* rather than the basis of a grand theory, it has its value.

Another line of argument in *Facing Up to Modernity* is as ambiguous as the discussion of "blueing", and it leads to one of my central disagreements with Berger. He holds that much of what passes for racial prejudice in America is really class hostility. That, I think, is quite right. It is one of the reasons why a

full employment economy would do more to destroy racism in this society than any psychic therapy that one can imagine. Once class prejudice no longer worked to reinforce racial hostility, there would be old-fashioned, individualistic racism left over and it would have to be dealt with. But that would be a much more manageable problem if it were not complicated by the structured inequities of the labor market (the same goes for sexism). I agree, then, with Berger's policy point that the focus should be on employment and income.

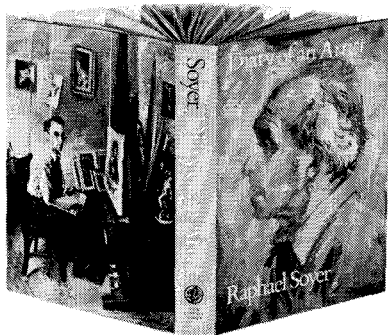
But that good advice is based on a—to me—erroneous value premise: that one should not attack the class system as such because it is the guarantee of an open society. That ties in with Berger's statement in the introduction, that "order is the primary imperative of social life." As a description of the past, there is a certain (often tragic) truth to that point. As a value to be maximized in the present it is quite dangerous. For a variety of reasons which I cannot specify here, the American economy now requires a "reserve army of the unemployed" of five million workers (the official hope of the Carter Administration) or seven million workers (the outrageous and brutal notion of Herbert Stein). If that proposition is granted—and the five million is accepted even by the mainstream liberals—then the black, brown and female will be forced to bear an intolerable burden.

The problem is, Charles Schultze and the neo-conservatives around the White House are right *if*, but only *if*, one accepts the institutional structure of American society as an unchallengeable given—if, that is to say, order is taken as the primary imperative of social life. One could reduce joblessness by an expansion of public service employment, the planned regional development of energy, wealth redistribution by means of tax reform, etc. But each one of those measures requires that we make structural changes which will diminish the power of the corporate elite, above all its control of the investment process. In short, to follow Berger's policy advice on the economics of racism, we have to disregard Berger's values. Change, I assert, is the only hope for the (partially, contradictorily) open society.

However, let me pass over the other disagreements and return to the central problem of *Facing Up to Modernity*. This is the question which Berger is so right to pose even if his answer leaves me quite unsatisfied. The disappearance of religion, the pervasiveness of scientific

Diary of an Artist Raphael Soyer

"the dean of American realist painters" —JOHN CANADAY



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ativism, he says, is a critical issue for
e age. That is right and relevant and
e technocrat or intellectual who does
t understand the fact will not under-
nd the world in which he/she lives
her. Society, as Adam Smith pointed
t so well in his *Theory of Moral
timents* requires a non-egotistic solid-
ty if it is to function (merely stating
e insight should explain why it is not
popular as the themes from *The
alth of Nations*). In the past, Berger
onstrates, religious faith, arising
t of, and reciprocally creating, a
ular community, motivated just such
attitude (it also rationalized the
ughter of outsiders, but that is
other subject). Now, modernity un-
mines both the creed and its social
conditions.

nder such circumstances, what are
to do? Assume that we can solve all
the material, economic problems. A
all question still remains: Who are

we? These are the issues which make
this book important even if it does not
resolve them. Berger, as I intuit his
meaning, would like to see a miraculous
rebirth of faith, but he is too modern to
suggest how that could come about
(much like Daniel Bell in *The Cultural
Contradictions of Capitalism*, his best
book). I am convinced that there is no
turning back, that there is no alternative
to the task of creating the first truly
godless culture humanity has ever
known. I think we need to do that; I
certainly don't know how to do it; and I
am enriched by books like this which
pose this question even if I disagree with
its answers.

Michael Harrington

Michael Harrington's most recent book is
*The Vast Majority: A Journey to the
World's Poor* (Simon & Schuster).

Psychiatric Terror

by Sidney Bloch and Peter Reddaway

(Basic Books; \$12.95)

March 26, 1976, I witnessed a
ious confrontation. A balding,
oped figure sat in the oak-paneled
eting room of the New York
ademy of Sciences, fielding questions
some 30 psychiatrists. The man was
onid Plyushch, a 37-year-old
thematician who had just been
eased from two and a half years in the
pecial psychiatric hospital" at
epropetrovsk. He had led the life of a
del young Communist until his
ercession for other dissidents in 1968
sed him to lose, in quick succession,
post as cyberneticist with the
ainian Academy of Sciences, his
edom as someone engaging in "anti-
iet agitation" and his remaining civil
its as an "especially dangerous"
ient suffering from "sluggish
izophrenia."

o some in the audience it must have
ned incredible that this soft-spoken
who related his travails wryly,
out evident rancor, was the same
nid Plyushch whose case history
y had been presented as that of an
rable psychotic by their Russian
ts at a scientific meeting three years
ore. Plyushch recalled being asked by
of his Soviet doctors how he could

affirm his normality when he had
jeopardized a bright future by his
political protests. He retorted that was
precisely the lesson he had learned from
the early Bolsheviks, only to be met by
the triumphant cry, "Aha, so you
consider yourself the equal of Lenin—
that is the grandiose feature of your
condition!"

As *Psychiatric Terror* makes clear by its
painstaking research, the case of
Plyushch is far from an isolated instance
of a madman's stigma being attached to
anyone who questions that he has been
living in the best of all possible Marxist
worlds. Sidney Bloch, a lecturer in
psychiatry at Oxford, has teamed up
with Peter Reddaway, a political scien-
tist at the London School of Economics
renowned for his studies of Soviet
dissent, to demonstrate that hundreds
of idealists like Plyushch have had to
traverse the same Calvary. Its way
stations are an arrest on "anti-Soviet"
charges, an examination by forensic
psychiatrists invariably producing the
verdict of "nonresponsibility" expected
by the KGB, and an indeterminate
sentence at a psychoprison replete with
common convicts invested as orderlies,
an MVD staff supervising the brutal

prison routine and doctors who try to
extract recantations from their patients
as a sign of recovery.

Only a rare victim of this medical
torture is able to withstand the pressure
to confess that his religiosity was not a
delusion, his persecution not a symptom
of paranoia, his hopes for social reform
not equivalent to "metaphysical in-
toxication." The unwary citizen who has
refused to follow a programmed ex-
istence finds himself thrust into a
bedlam of the violent criminally insane.
He is underfed, beaten for trying to
voice a complaint and dosed with
depressant drugs that turn him into a
human vegetable.

Plyushch is one of those extraor-
dinary beings—drugged into a con-
vulsive state, gasping for breath,
apathetic, barely able to speak, yet out of
some atavistic spring of courage refus-
ing to betray his friends or his convic-
tions. Another is Pyotr Grigorenko, a
former major general in the Red Army
with 34 years' service consigned to five
years of psychoprison, who found
hardest to bear "the total absence of civil
rights and the hopelessness" of his
isolation cell. A third is Vladimir
Bukovsky, a Moscow biology student
who dedicated his life to the cause of

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N.Y. Times Book Review

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human rights despite two years in psychoprison and nearly nine more in labor camps.

It seems fitting for Bukovsky to have contributed the foreword to this book, since it was he who forcefully jogged the conscience of the West by smuggling out dossiers of six "insane" dissenters in 1971. This engendered the first foreign inquiries, including hearings by the Committee on the Judiciary of the US Senate. Unfortunately, as Bloch and Reddaway reveal, the initial discomfiture of western observers soon gave way to indifference. At a congress of the World Psychiatric Association in Mexico City, threats of a walkout by the Soviet delegation succeeded in shutting off debate.

Only last month, six years after that medical Munich which emboldened the regime to sentence Bukovsky to a 12-year term and to step up its psychiatric reign of terror, did the WPA finally take a stand. By a vote of 90 to 88, its governing body meeting in Honolulu adopted a resolution by Britain's Royal College of Psychiatrists condemning "the systematic abuse of psychiatry for political purposes in the USSR" and establishing a committee to review such practices in any country.

Bloch and Reddaway's encyclopedic work may well have tipped the scales in Hawaii, since the delegates were aware of its publication on the eve of the congress. Amnesty International and the Working Group on the Internment of Dissenters in Mental Hospitals had kept the issue alive during the years when western psychiatrists seemed mesmerized by the prospects of joint research with Soviet colleagues through such projects as the schizophrenia research agreement with the US spawned at a Nixon-Brezhnev meeting in 1972.

The authors buttress their case for further international action by proving how prior campaigns led to the release of most well-known psychiatric prisoners. They leave little doubt that political rather than medical factors dictated these discharges of supposedly "chronically ill" patients, just as they had determined their commitment in the first place; then the dosages of drugs

matched to the degree they resisted mouthing professions of loyalty. It becomes clear why the political guardians select the psychiatric route to shunt the cases of dissidents: in order to discredit them and their cause, while avoiding potentially embarrassing trials in open court.

The major mystery left by this presentation relates to the motives of Soviet psychiatrists. A minority of them are equated with Nazi war criminals in doing what their political superiors demand, the mass of average doctors cultivating a studied unconcern in such affairs and only an exceptional few following the example of Semyon Gluzman to resist the perversion of their Hippocratic oath. As Dr. Thomas Szasz reminds us so persistently, however, American psychiatrists are frequently tempted to impose the values of a conformist culture on their patients. My own exchanges with former Soviet psychiatric practitioners and patients make me doubt that the Bloch-Reddaway typology covers a situation in

which moral choices are hardly ever so clear cut, especially given the elasticity of diagnostic criteria that stretch easily to encompass deviance with pathological significance.

Indeed, it may be defensiveness to the charges of their radical critics that has made western specialists reluctant to castigate their errant Soviet brethren. Their belated investigation of egregious Soviet abuses may yet give American psychiatrists pause in spreading further mystification in their own service to what Nicholas Kittrie has called "the therapeutic state." Bloch and Reddaway have not only posed a challenge to psychiatric professionals to reorient their science to its humanistic origins; they have also warned the rest of us that ideological definitions of sanity can be signposts on the road to psychiatric terror.

Harvey Fireside

Harvey Fireside is Charles A. Dana Professor of Politics at Ithaca College.

The Back of the Book

Out of the Night

Druids believed that on the 31st of October, Saman, the lord of death, summoned all the wicked souls which in the past year had been condemned to inhabit the bodies of animals. The idea was to get the little devils out in the open, and so fend them off—which is the basis of modern Halloween as well. The night is a vigil. Those pint-sized witches who scuttle through the streets are supposed to represent everything that scares the wits out of us. We fend them off with a fistful of corn candy. Would that we could fend off the fears as easily.

Nobody's scared of witches anymore, but each of us has his own set of terrors which he would gladly greet at his door on Halloween, if by so doing he could hold them at bay. I couldn't take the appearance of my fears one by one; there isn't that much corn candy in Safeway. Instead I would have them arrive in clusters, as they haunt my mind.

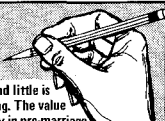
The John Davidson Singers. There's no such group, but the one I imagine would include Barry Manilow singing "I Am Music"; Helen Reddy singing "I Am Woman"; The Osmond Brothers singing

John Denver's Greatest Hits; Glen Campbell singing *John Davidson's Greatest Hits;* Linda Ronstadt singing "The Star Spangled Banner" exactly as she did for the third game of the World Series; Tina Turner singing "I Did It My Way"; Paul Williams singing a ballad written for the occasion of the Jerry Lewis Telethon.

Public Figures Making Speeches. James Schlesinger explaining President Carter's energy package; Ralph Nader explaining President Carter's energy package; Jerry Brown explaining Ralph Nader; Jimmy ("J.J.") Walker explaining the derivation of "dy-no-mite"; assorted people explaining who was on which side in the trial of the "Hollywood Ten"; the same people explaining who sat where at the Algonquin's fabled Round Table; William Kunstler explaining the moral issues in the Bakke case; Shirley MacLaine explaining show business in China; Jon Peters explaining his role in the making of *A Star Is Born*; Kim Il Sung explaining his newspaper ads for North Korea; President Carter explaining his energy package.

Commercial Celebrities. Josie the plum-

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; Madge the manicurist; Rosie the itress; the man from Glad; Mr. odwrench; Aunt Bluebelle; Mr. ippie; the fellows on billboards for nstons.

Impressive Voices. Eric Severeid, John ancendor, Harry Reasoner, David nkley, Walter Cronkite, Charles llingwood, Howard K. Smith. (The ror here would be for all to appear ultaneously, speaking at once.)

Things, Places and Expressions. Have a d day; The John Hancock Institute; i have a good day, too; Egg McMuf- Oil of Olay; I know where you're ing from; a t-shirt with a picture of ginia Woolf; You know where I'm ing from; CB radios; audio-visual lules; Have a good day; bumper xers about braking for animals; *You e a good day; large groups of oyees gathered in front of insur- : companies, waving and cheering; mingdale's; plaster statuettes of . Fields; Have a good day, yourself; have a good day, too, yourself.*

Numbers and Signs: F.A.L.N.; P.L.O.; .A.; A.B.C.; G.O.P.; S.T.C.; E.C.C.; T; F.F.V.; D.A.R.; F.D.A.; 495; .; TV; S.E.C.; H₂SO₄; B1; S.S.T.; G.; M.S.G.; H.F.C.; OPEC; LV; ; W2.

General Supplies. Ban, Sure, Secret, o, Heinz, Hunt's, Tab, Fresca, urt, Fruit Loops, Bold, Bubble Yum, Cheer, Dash, Joy, Jif, Sego, Pledge, ity, Twinkies, White Cloud, Dawn, e, Dove, Pooch, Mr. Clean, Captain ch, Major Gray, Dr. Pepper, Mrs.

Personalities in Action. Bowie Kuhn ; a stiff fine against Charles Finley; nan Lear analyzes his sit coms; Roy rs announces "We got platters"; Martin hugs Buddy Hackett who Sammy Davis, Jr. who hugs Alan who hugs Don Rickles; Luciana on introduces a new soap; Joseph a new show; Roone Arledge, a new pt. Split-second appearances by: Wertmüller, the Peanut Brigade, Lawford, the Henry Fonda family, ist of "Hee-Haw."

Private Demons. Fritz, from the gar- grinning; the bank teller putting the phone and shaking his head; a with a hacking cough, collecting for EF with a billfold.

re must be more, but I confess a t the bones as I make this list. What voked these spirits, gave them all rn candy they could hold, and still ouldn't go away? Every morning I open the door, and there they be—every cursed one of them—

tricking and treating to eternity.

Maybe it would be better to play it safe, and invoke a single devil who alone would represent all the terrors of modern culture. But who?

The house shivers as I consider the question. The wind picks up. A howl outside. Suddenly the air is dank, like a tomb. Bang bang bang; the door flies open. In the shadows there is not one figure, but two. The small one is dressed impeccably. The big one smiles. "Hee-ere's Johnnie."

Roger Rosenblatt

Correspondence, from page 5

to the conflict.

More troubling still is the authors' attempt to dismiss my questions with rhetoric implying that I support white racism and oppose African aspirations for self-rule and human dignity. Nowhere in the review did I raise the slightest question about the ability of Africans to govern themselves, nor did I indicate a concern for the "protection" of white power and interests. Rather, I attempted to underscore the gravity of the policy dilemmas that face us in Southern Africa, dilemmas which cannot be wished away by reference to the sins of whites or the rights and opinions of Africans. A decade from now, it will be interesting to see which approach is the more anachronistic.

Chester A. Crocker

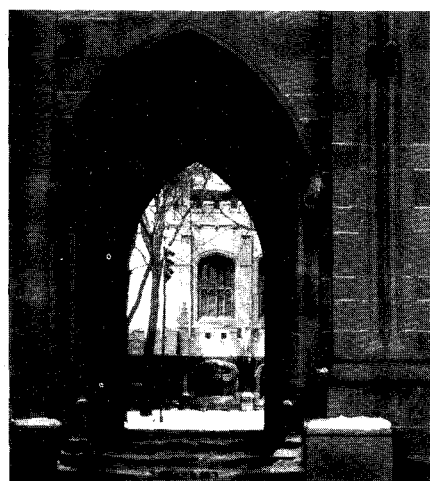
The real Carl Holman

To the editors:

In an otherwise incisive and accurate piece on President Carter and the nation's blacks ("Let Them Eat Words," *TNR*, Sept. 17), Carl Holman, a participant in the recent meeting between the President and black leaders of national organizations, was incorrectly identified.

Mr. Holman is president of the National Urban Coalition. The National Urban Coalition is the only national organization which focuses on the survival and success of the American city: its people, its institutions, its business and industry, and its economic and fiscal well being.

Evelyn M. Levine
National Urban Coalition



"College is sacred.

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This is what college means to a man whose own father never even went to grade school but whose son is about to enter college. At the other end of the scale, disenchanted students grumble that their teachers "couldn't care less whether we live or die."

In **COLLEGE: REWARD AND BETRAYAL**, Thomas J. Cottle writes about the hopes and disappointments of parents, students, and teachers involved in American higher education. He interviews, among others, a man in his forties who entered college one year after his own son; a female faculty member resentful that, while she considers herself primarily an historian, her institution considers her primarily a woman; a young man to whom achievement was always easy until he found himself a "zero" surrounded by "geniuses" in the college of his choice.

Cottle, a distinguished sociologist/clinical psychologist, also reveals what it was like for himself as a young teacher at Harvard, going through all the horrors of playing the tenure game — waiting for the fateful letter that would say: "Hallelujah! you are the new chairman of the department! Not only do we give you tenure, we have arranged that from this day forward you will be immortal and eternally youthful."

Warmly personal, entertaining, and thoughtful, this is a book on present fundamental conflicts about academic achievement, about ways careers should be defined and lives be led.

COLLEGE: REWARD AND BETRAYAL \$10.95

University of Chicago Press

Chicago 60637

TRB, from page 2

flock across the border, which means that high birthrate Mexico is exporting its unemployment to the low birthrate US. American blacks are most injured.

"No American," the Kerner report said, "white or black, can escape the consequences of the continuing social economic decay of our major cities." What did it propose—immediate Federal action to create two million new jobs over the next three years; extensive on-the-job training; tax incentives to revive industry in poverty areas; complete revision of the crazy-quilt welfare system. Yes, it's all there, 10 years ago.

I wonder how long our practice will continue of waiting for a social blow-up and then writing a report about it. Dr. Kenneth B. Clark told the Kerner Commission,

I read that report of the 1919 riot in Chicago and it is as if I were reading the report . . . on the Harlem riot of '35, the report of the investigating committee on the Harlem riot of '43, the report of the McCone Commission on the Watts riot. . . . It is a kind of Alice in Wonderland—with the same moving picture re-shown over and over again, the same analysis, the same recommendation, and the same inaction.

Russia isn't the only country that has promulgated the goal of a job for everyone. The United States did, too, in 1946. It enacted the Full Employment Act, written by Leon Keyserling: "The Congress declares that it is the continuing policy and responsibility of the Federal Government to use all practicable means . . . to promote maximum employment, production and purchasing power." New Dealer Thurmond Arnold called this "the most revolutionary statement of the function of the federal government in our history." It's there; it's on the statute books. It's the underpinning for the proposed new Humphrey-Hawkins bill which President Carter is taking so long to make up his mind about. It would require extensive Federal planning. It also would support a cardinal human right.

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It is an obsession, readers and even my wife tell me. But I do not need to be told. I concur readily and not only because the Song of Songs counsels, "If I am not for myself who will be?" I feel the obsession in my bones, and it is justified anew by the events of every day. I had promised our managing editor that I would not write, yet again, about the Jews and about Israel. Here I am, however, and I can think, let alone write, of nothing else. Previous editors of *TNR* also had their obsessions, I tell myself: the League of Nations, Nazism, McCarthyism, Vietnam. So there is precedent in this journal for being fixated on particular issues. But I would be writing of the perils to Israel and to Jewry even if my predecessors had been men of cool detachment, unengaged and unaffected. With the prophet, then, I say, "For the sake of Zion I shall not be silent."

The Secretary of the Treasury, Michael Blumenthal, arrived in Israel from Egypt this week, apparently with an insatiable lust to tour Jerusalem. So he asked its mayor, Teddy Kollek, to guide him around the western section, the "new city" as it is called. And who would take him through East Jerusalem and the "old city," which includes the rehabilitated ancient Jewish quarter (destroyed by the Jordanians after 1948) and Judaism's holiest shrines? Why the American consul, of course. To which proposition Teddy, which is what everyone calls the mayor here, responded in just about these words: see the city on your own. A man of enormous warmth and vitality, Kollek is not given to discourtesy. But after being mayor of a city unified for more than a decade, he was not about to have it symbolically redivided by Blumenthal's visit. I have walked this city's streets and neighborhoods with Kollek, and I know what he has done to enlarge and enrich the life of its diverse population. Literally dozens of Arabs, among them militants, have told me of his exquisite sensitivity to their feelings. Many of them voted for him in the municipal elections despite threats from the PLO. None of this meant much to Blumenthal, or to his State Department coaches who, following President Carter, now seem intent on a daily slap at the Israelis. In the past, official American visitors have simply foregone the pleasures of tourism so as not to upset the specious rules of diplomatic protocol. But even William Rogers, who is not exactly a friend of Israel, went one evening quietly and alone with Teddy

along the Via Dolorosa and to the sites of the beginnings of Monotheism.

Blumenthal did visit his family at Kibbutz Givat Haim and reminisced, the press reported, about the past. But it is the present that matters. Some moderns will no doubt congratulate the Secretary for being able to transcend the loyalties of the blood to which men and women are born. But I wonder how Blumenthal felt informing by his actions other remnant survivors of Jewish history that he does not recognize their reunion with King David's capital and with the great wall of Solomon's temple for which his ancestors had prayed during two millennia.

One of the fictions of the Middle East conflict is that the Arab grievance is not against Jews but against Zionists. Earlier this month Sadat told an eminent journalist from Paris that Arab troubles with the Jews go back hundreds of years. The lie was exposed again during both the Japan Airlines and the Lufthansa hijackings. In neither case did the terrorists make any specific demands on Israel, but in each the captive passengers were harangued about the crimes of Zionism. And in each, the *selektion prinzip* that the notorious Dr. Mengele introduced at Auschwitz reappeared with a meticulous search for Jewish passengers destined for special and exemplary torments. It was like that at Entebbe also. I don't understand why Somalians are receiving such plaudits for their behavior in the affair. What real alternatives did they have besides allowing the German commandos to land? It seems to have taken the murder of a German pilot, not the deaths of hundreds of Jews and other innocents in civilian air travel, to stir the world into action against the terrorist international and its Arab patent holders. It is still too early to tell whether the UN will be able to make any real headway on the problem, and there is good reason to be doubtful. What we do know already is that western diplomats do not want pariah Israel as a co-sponsor of any resolution on the subject. There is legislation in Congress that would keep US airlines from servicing countries that aid and harbor terrorists of the skies. Such a law is long overdue.

Arthur Rubinstein and Isaac Stern were here this week. Stern is a relentless organizer of musical activities in Israel. Rubinstein, now 92 and nearly blind, is one of those people Stern organizes.

With mock reluctance, Rubinstein responds as if to a call from his conscience, but playfully. "I first played in Palestine in the early 1920s in a tin-roofed airplane hangar in Lydda. It was raining and you could hardly hear the music. During the intervening years I captured London, Paris, New York. Now it is Jerusalem which has captured me. And that is as it should be. Isaac will have me back here again and again."

The well known French painter, my friend Marek Halter, also made his way to Shanghai as a child during the war—he from the Warsaw ghetto. He told me two months ago that his cousin Anna Maria Isola and her husband Mario had been kidnapped by rightist Argentine terrorists in Buenos Aires. They left an 11-month-old child crying in his crib. The day I flew to Israel I received a letter from Marek who wrote, "My cousin has been killed. Her body and her husband's were found in front of her parents' house." They had not been especially political, but they were Jews and her mother is a prominent television personality active in Jewish communal affairs. To be Jewish in Argentina is in certain circles to be thought tantamount to being a Communist. And for such people destiny already has been determined. General Iberico Saint-Jean, governor of Buenos Aires province, declared, "First we will kill those who lead the subversion, then we will kill their collaborators, then their sympathizers, and last we will kill those who are indifferent." The private Fascist gangs are the chosen instruments of the regime. They kill other people besides Jews, but Jews are the favored targets. As in the past, the Jews are caught between the red and the black, between the Communists and the Fascists, designated as enemies and as victims, Zionist cosmopolitans in the inflammatory rhetoric of the armed doctrines of the age. In Russia it is so, and in Argentina. In Poland too, and in Chile. So why should I not be obsessed when even President Carter's house counsel and house Jew, Robert Lipshutz, feels free to assert that Israel's existence is conditional on the recognition of a Palestinian homeland though the Palestinians themselves see that homeland as effacing and replacing Israel? What other state's existence does anyone have the temerity to say is conditional on anything?

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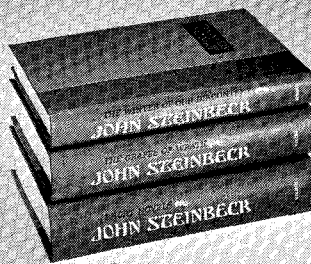
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